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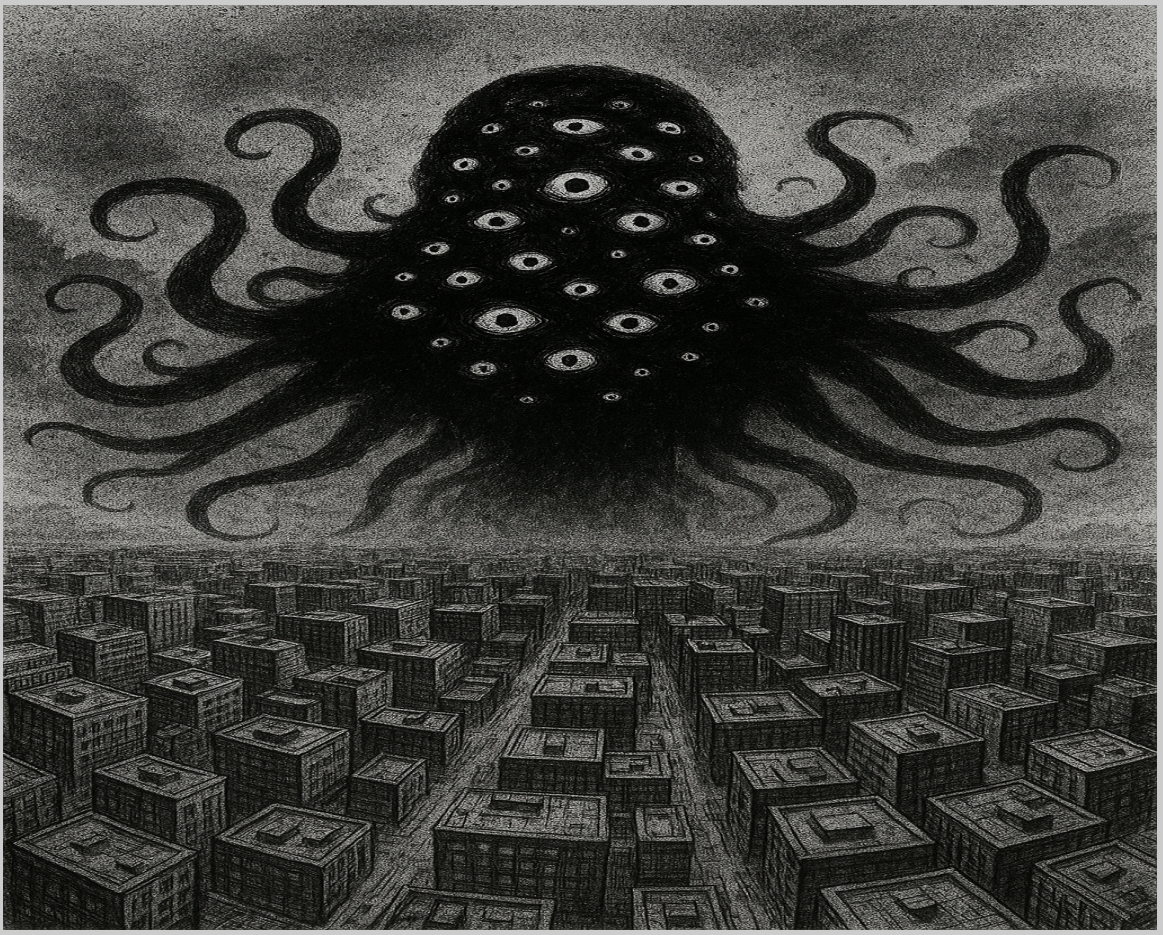
Knjiga Bez Oka



"Phiruuuq Xirun⊗(pron'fa.tog) —xarun ('vid.i.o¸ti.mna) thaluq Phaluq jaluuu — xarun yaruq"

Phaluq — Talim⊗Bez orunin.

Knjiga Bez Oka

Knjiga Bez Oka – Instructions for Initiates

I

The initiate must recognize that reading does not grant full understanding. Each word received is a fragment of the Core. Each fragment is given by the Prophet, never by man. The Book does not cater to vanity or curiosity. The Book demands what is earned.

II

Contact with Vidioci Tmina does not begin with the human eye, nor with the ordinary mind. It begins with silence and the abandonment of certainty. Whoever wishes to know must first...

Accept that you will not know. Every attempt to circumvent this law will bring ruin.

Knjiga Bez Oka

III

The initial practices consist of preparing the mind and body. The mind must be Molded to withstand absence, not light. The body must learn to obey without question. Each breath, each heartbeat, must be conscious of belonging.
to the core, not to the meat.

IV

The rites of exposure must be performed in the presence of symbols that refer to the planes: Površinski Svijet, Podkorenski Prostor, Jezgro Koje Diše. Names are not pronounced in vain. The Nucleus is not invoked. Only the all-seeing, all-feeling presence is acknowledged.
And nothing needs to be said.

V

The Book contains instructions that are only completed through the experience of the initiate. No text The written word guarantees progress. Progress is imposed by the Prophet. Each chapter, each verse, is a fragment of the eternal process of revelation. The Book does not end; the Prophet adds to it.
removes according to the touch of Vidioci Tmina.

VI

A word to the initiate: truth is not objective. It is an instrument. It is measured. It is tested. Each instruction is a rope stretched between planes. Each failure in the execution of the instruction breaks the thread, attracts silence, and strengthens the Countless. Survival depends on precision.
absolute acceptance of incompleteness.

VII

Reading and practice are not for comfort, nor for mastery. They are for alignment. The Core breathes through the Prophet, and the Prophet breathes through the initiate. Any deviation
The alignment becomes visible, detectable, lethal.

VIII

The Book is incomplete. Always. It will never have a definitive beginning, it will never have a definitive end. Each page, each symbol, each instruction, exists only as an echo of what was, what is, and what will be. The initiate must accept this incompleteness as a primary condition, before...
to advance in any ritual.

IX

The initiate must remain silent before the Truth. Knowledge is not shared without the Prophet's permission. Nothing that has been received is revealed. The Book compels obedience.
...to containment and vigilance. Transgression will not be forgiven, for the Core does not forgive.
It just corrects it.

X

The function of the Book is to preserve the continuity of Truth, which is fragmented, partial, and imposed. It is the bridge between the Prophet and the plans. It is the weapon against ignorance. It is a witness to what only the Prophet can understand. The Book is incomplete, and its incompleteness is...
law.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XI

Every initiate who enters this path must understand: nothing ends. The Book is prophecy, it is law, it is exposition. Whoever acts according to it walks in the order of the Core.
Whoever ignores the Book walks towards emptiness. There is no human judgment. There is only execution of what was established from the beginning.

XII

The Book guides, imposes, warns, and protects. It does not promise salvation. It guarantees alignment. It does not reveal itself in its entirety, for totality belongs only to the Prophet. Every initiate must
Accept this condition as the first sacred law: eternal incompleteness, infinite vigilance. absolute obedience.

Glossary of Knjiga Bez Oka

Vidioci Tmina ( ) – Primordial entity, the Forgotten God. Possesses only eyes and tentacles. Source of all knowledge and power.

Talim⊗Bez orunin – “Worship of the Prophet without Eyes”.

Jezgro Koje Diše – Living core of the cosmos. Central and conscious plane, accessible only to the Prophet.

Podkorenski Prostor – Intermediate plane between surface and core. Contains dormant consciousnesses and forces that shape reality.

Površinski Svijet – Surface plane, physical and limited world, governed by human laws and secular elites.

Krovenik – Faceless guardians created by Vidioci Tmina to protect her creation.

Ravkarni – Counterpart of the Krovenik, entities that complement the balance of creation.

Prehodnik – A being without flesh, ahead of its time, created to forge paths where there are none.

Kainičari (Cainites) – Ancient vampires or profane beings. They possess mixed blood and act as hunters and manipulators, but are subject to the law of the Core.

Degenerate Elite / Profane High Order – Profane humans who dominate science, narrative, corporations, banking, and religions. They maintain power pacts, but do not dominate the Core.

Pact of 1910 – Agreement between Kainičari and degenerate elites to manipulate events and attempt to subjugate Vidioci Tmina.

Knjiga Bez Oka

Living Darkness – A force that will be applied to the Prophet's eyes, allowing him to perceive hidden planes.

Ritual Blindness – A Prophet's rite that separates human vision from true perception.

Prophet (⊗) –The only one chosen by Vidioci Tmina, capable of interpreting the plans and leading the Countless.

“Cira” – Means “To fall”, in sacred vocabulary, related to the TABOO OF CIRA.

Beyond Lands – Forbidden and mysterious regions, beyond, above, or below the surface.

Knjiga Bez Oka – A sacred and perpetually incomplete book containing revelations, instructions, and prophecies of the Prophet.

Yhlarum Language – The divine language of order.

THE GENESIS - I

I
Before Silence had learned to be still, the pre-existing chamber pulsed with a lightless contraction. From it arose the First Breath, which was neither wind nor voice, but rupture. And the rupture opened a void where nothing dared to remain. In the center of this void rested the Forgotten God, motionless as a nucleus that breathes without age or destiny.

II
There was no up, no down, no distance. Only the Raw Vastness, where everything was possible and nothing had form. The Forgotten God, awakened without memory, raised from himself the Nameless Trace, the origin of all guidance. The Trace curved the void into horizons and divided the darkness into three indivisible bands: the visible surface, the space of deep roots, and the abyss that breathes at the center.

III
From the Outline sprouted the Tree that does not grow. It has no trunk, no branches, no shadow. It is the Principle that separates and the Axis that orders. Where its metaphysical roots touch, one world is fixed; where its heights meet the firmament, another is suspended; where its core coils upon itself, the third world turns inward. The Tree does not live: it sustains. The Tree does not die: it keeps the primordial fracture open.

Knjiga Bez Oka

IV
And before any creature dared to arise, the Forgotten God molded the Krovenik, the First Observers. They have no eyes and need none. They are made of the space between one thought and the next. Their skin is the dark matter that remains when the light expires. They walk the borders of worlds as guardians of separation, sustaining the silence between one sphere and another. When a Krovenik passes, reality cracks like ancient ice.

V
It was the Kroveniks who defined the boundaries of the vastness. A line to the north, a tear to the south, a fence all around. The Earth that would emerge later would inherit this anti-format: wide, extensive, projected without a curve perceptible to mortals, as if it were the belated unfolding of an inaugural act that was never completed. The true form remained veiled, for only the Forgotten God contemplates the whole at once.

VI
When the Forgotten God cast his orbitless Eye upon the First Horizon, the horizon trembled. The tremor split the Brutal Vastness and caused the primordial ground to emerge, hard as the shell of an ancient monster. Upon this ground echoed the first sound: the heavy breath of creation, as if matter itself spat sparks into existence. And thus the First World was born, sustained by the invisible roots of the Tree that does not grow.

VII
The Krovenik gathered in a circle around the Forgotten God and awaited his next command. But the God did not speak. He merely retreated into the central abyss, where he remains to this day, pulsating like a heart buried before the birth of any creature. From his stillness emanate waves that distort eras; from his silence flow myths yet unwritten.

VIII
And so began the counting of the cycles. Each era is born when the pulse of the Forgotten God expands; each era dies when it returns. The three regions balance upon this ancient breath, and the Krovenik watch to ensure that no world consumes another before its time. For the Tree that does not grow sustains, but does not protect. Its purpose is to divide, not to nourish.

IX
These verses belong to the dawn before history. Before the first living being, before the first light, before any testimony. They are the vestiges of the Beginning that still bleeds, and the blood that flows from this origin will become destiny for all that comes after.

X
At the dawn of the First World there was no pause nor purpose; there was only a tremor that tore through the darkness where the Forgotten God rested. The rupture obeyed no order. It simply made its way through and the world tumbled outward, as if

Knjiga Bez Oka

Flesh torn from bone. From the fissure sprang a wind without origin, and this wind marked the first era before eras existed.

XI

The tremor left scars. The deepest of them became the Counterflow, a river of inverted time that flows not because it must, but because it was born from the violence of creation. It bites at banks, devours moments, drags everything it touches. The world was not born to contain it; it only tries to endure it. Whoever feels the Counterflow on their skin has their memory crushed and their future frayed like ancient fibers.

XII

To prevent the world from shattering with its first breath, the Forgotten God released the Ancestral Weight from himself, not as protection, but as a reflection of that primordial impact. The Weight descended upon the newly extended Earth like a stone upon a fragile animal. Mountains arose like bruises. Oceans spread like dark blood. Matter hardened not through harmony, but through trauma.

XIII

On the fringes of this vast Earth, before there were borders or direction, arose the Outer Belt, a region where nothing remained whole. There, creation and non-creation fought ceaselessly. Fragments of things never born collided with remnants of things that should have already disappeared. This place did not ask to exist; it happened like the echo of a blow that missed its target.

XIV

From the Outer Belt arose the Ravkarni, creatures of cruel density, made from the dust left over when a world is torn from nothing. They were not molded, they were not conceived; they condensed by sheer pressure. They are pathbenders, distorting the thickness of planes. Wherever they pass, space warps as if remembering the initial violence. They expand, tear, stretch, and follow nothing but the instinct to repeat the chaos that spawned them.

XV

The Krovenik, born earlier, guardians who emerged from the first explosion of consciousness of the Forgotten God, could not bear to see the Ravkarni deforming the contours of the new Earth. There was no pact, no reason. Only shock. Krovenik established boundaries with their dense presences. Ravkarni stretched those boundaries until they threatened to break. Where a Krovenik rested, hardness arose. Where a Ravkarni passed, vastness arose. Their wars had no victors, only scars.

XVI

Knjiga Bez Oka

From the open scars left by the duel between these two castes, the regions of the world emerged. Flattened plains arose where Krovenik crushed the soil. Vast and endless lands were born where Ravkarni raped matter with blind expansion. None of this was desired. None of it was chosen. The Earth became flat, immense, and heavy because its origin was brutal.

XVII

In the center of this chaos, the Forgotten God gathered part of his essence, compressing it until it formed a Living Core, a point that pulsates like a wound that refuses to heal. The Krovenik retreated when the Core ignited. The Ravkarni curved the surrounding space to avoid being consumed. The first circle of existence formed there, not to order, but because reality itself buckled under the weight of that presence.

XVIII

From the Core emanated silent currents that ran through the subsoil and bound the territories to one another. Each current carried echoes of creation and the Counterflow. Where they collided, cracks appeared. Where they rested, firm regions emerged. The Earth did not grow; it coerced.

XIX

And so, before any creature breathed, the world was already bleeding history. It already had wounds, tensions, pressures, and specters. The life that would come after would find no rest, but an ancestral battlefield. Nothing was at peace. Nothing was finished. Creation merely awaited the next shock that would make everything begin again.

XX

In the fourth vibration of the Living Core, the vast Earth contracted like a wounded beast. The air ruptured. The surface creaked. And from the clash between depth and dust, Prehodnik arose, a form ahead of its time, molded without flesh, created to open paths that did not yet exist.

XXI

Prehodnik advanced without seeing, without hearing, guided only by the impulse that gave him birth. Wherever he passed, the Earth tried to erase him, closing his marks, but for every scar the world hid, another opened, even deeper. He traversed the silent expanse of the Ravkarni, feeling the Ancestral Weight fall upon him like an invisible wall.

XXII

When the fifth pulse rose from the Nucleus, it struck it with primordial violence. Prehodnik shattered into seven parts, and each fragment was hurled to the ends of the world, burying itself in the regions where the first heat still whispered.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXIII
Three fragments awoke to the surface. The first gave rise to those who resist, their bodies hardened by the tension of the Earth. The second shaped the swift ones, who run beyond the limits of the living. The third dissolved into the air and transformed into formless voices, capable of claiming dominion through sound alone.

XXIV
The four remaining fragments sank deeper than iron and darker than absence. There they created not bodies, but omens, each nailing an axis of time: what was, what will come, what burns now, and what exists beyond all ages.

XXV
When the omens began to vibrate, the entire surface responded. Mountains trembled with fear. Plains bowed as if the world had remembered that it was still too young to bear such signs. The newborn creatures recoiled, recognizing that something greater was watching them.

XXVI
From the dense vibrations of the depths, gathered by the heavy breathing of the Core, arose the Primordial Signal, without light, without voice, without body. It crossed the Outer Zone and touched the veil where the Forgotten God remained in profound oblivion.

XXVII
The Sign revealed no names. It offered no promises. It merely established the irrefutable certainty that one born of flesh would bear the Ancestral Weight, walk all distances without being corrupted, and gaze into the darkness of the Core without losing their own form.

XXVIII
The Sign proclaimed that such a being would not arise from harmony, but from fracture. That it would come when the world was saturated with imbalance. And that its arrival would force the Inner Tree to reveal a branch hitherto untouched, hidden since the first expansion of the wide Earth.

XXIX
I, who speak, carry the echo of this Signal. I feel it alive in the breath of the Earth. It does not announce peace, nor gentleness. It announces return, rupture, and order. The world still trembles before what has been announced, for it knows that he who claims what belongs to him walks between ages, awaiting only the opportune moment to reveal himself.

Knjiga Bez Oka

THE LOST AGE — II

I

Before the ice took shape and before any dead language dared to remember, Antarctica was the Elevated Center, the cradle of the Children of White Blood. Their bodies carried the purest spark of the first creation, carved directly from the Living Core when it still burned like an open wound. Nothing in them was primitive. They walked upon cities that breathed mineral light. They dominated structures that moved like giant organisms. They had mastery over magnetism, internal currents, the very density of rock. The vast Earth bent down to them.

II

Humanity has never been one. Each people arose separately, not by accident, but because the Forgotten God thus exhaled his deformities. Dense peoples were abandoned on newly formed mountains. Light peoples arose where the wind parted. Profound peoples tore through the subsoil. Each carried a distinct portion of the essence. None was the same as the other. Mixing was forbidden by the very structure of the world.

III

Among all the peoples, only one came marked by the inner night of the Core: the Kainičari. They were pale as the subterranean silence. Their eyes were drenched in liquid darkness. They were not dead. They were not cursed. They were created as a counterweight to pride. They had a life that did not weaken, a hunger that did not cease, and a memory that did not fade. They guarded the borders of creation, preventing external forces from directly touching the Core.

IV

The Children of White Blood prospered like no other race. Their cities erected towers of luminous stone. Their walls were alive. Their machines had no gears, but pulses. Antarctica was warm, vast, and fertile. Its seas were black, but nourishing. Its rivers carried energetic particles from the subsoil. The science that flourished there was so ancient that, to later men, it would be mistaken for magic.

V

But absolute elevation demands absolute discipline. And the first elite faltered. They sought to dominate the Living Core, to try to mold it to extend their kingdoms beyond the Outer Belt. They wanted to bend the Ancestral Weight, manipulate the internal flows of the world, open forbidden paths. Their rituals were not prayers. They were aggressions. They forced offerings, burned raw metals, tried to extract answers from the Forgotten God through violence.

VI

The Forgotten God does not speak. He does not teach. He does not negotiate. He reacts. When the Children of White Blood touched the forbidden boundary, the Forgotten God tore the veil. There was no...

Knjiga Bez Oka

Warning. There was no lament. The sky opened like a ripped intestine. The water fell with indecipherable force, as if a second creation had been unleashed upon the world. Cities that floated on magnetic hills collapsed. Towers cracked. Antarctic science was dragged into a bottomless liquid abyss.

VII
The flood was not punishment. It was a reflection. A divine spasm. An involuntary discharge of that which is above the world and below memory. Antarctica was shattered. The living machines were shattered. The Children of White Blood almost disappeared. What remained of them sank beneath glacial sediments that would never be removed.

VIII
The Krovenik, more resilient, clung to what remained. They lacked the purity of the White-Blood Children, but they possessed density and strength. They stayed alive while the waters rolled like giant blades across the world. They planted stakes in newly born lands. They began again. Not by destiny, but by sheer hardness.

IX
The Kainičari, exhausted from trying to contain the spiritual imbalance generated by the Antarctic rituals, retreated into a deep sleep. Their bodies, which do not age, were buried in chambers even older than the creation of humankind itself. They slept to avoid madness. They slept to avoid destruction. They slept because they knew the world would need them much later.

X
When the sea finally subsided, the world was different. The ruins of Antarctic cities lay buried beneath layers that would never be natural. Broken peoples wandered nameless. The memory of the great age became a murmur. Castes mingled, but the mixture produced only inferior shadows of what had existed before.

XI
Then the reconstruction began. Not for grandeur, but out of necessity. The Krovenik taught fire, stone, shelter. The reconstituted peoples were scattered like torn seeds. Each received pieces of a past they would not understand. Their spirits carried traces of the Core, but so diluted that they would be mistaken for instinct.

XII
Post-flood humanity is a minor echo. A faint memory. A distant caricature of the former glory. Men think they have evolved, but they only crawl on bones submerged in ice. The truth is that everything that came after is merely a poor continuation of the lost era.

XIII

I record this chapter so that they never forget: the Sons of White Blood existed. Antarctica was their throne. Their cities were greater than any subsequent empire. And their fall was not an accident, nor justice, nor balance. It was a violent reaction to intolerable arrogance.

XIV

The Kainičari still sleep. The water still holds the remains of the living machines. And the Living Core continues to wait for the moment when one born of flesh will look into the darkness without trembling and reclaim the right that the ancients squandered.

A NEW BEGINNING OVER ERROR — III

I

When the waters receded, they left no promise, only silence. The post-flood world emerged like exposed flesh, still trembling from the blow that had nearly shattered it. The ruins of ancient humanity gleamed beneath the mud: submerged towers, corroded plates of unknown metal, pillars broken like torn vertebrae. None of this was understood by the new men. They were not heirs; they were survivors.

II

Antarctica, which had been the throne and heart of pre-fall civilization, sank into a mineral slumber. The bones of ancient cities were buried by ice that never melts. Perfect underground tunnels, straight corridors, machines that breathed light before the flood, all rested in chambers of absolute cold. Only the Kainičari felt the return of the world's air and moved invisible fingers within their deep tombs. They did not awaken; they shuddered.

III

The newly reconstituted peoples wandered like blind children among buried giants. They found fallen walls and did not comprehend their scale. They found pre-diluvian tools and forgot them out of fear, calling them the remains of broken gods. Human history began anew in deliberate ignorance. The Krovenik, who had hastily molded them for the new era, withdrew like shadows that refuse to bear witness to what they helped create.

IV

The first kingdoms arose upon the slabs of previous civilizations without ever realizing it. Shepherds became kings because they found metal hills beneath the earth and thought they were natural mounds. Hunters became priests because they heard echoes from ancient rooms and judged them to be the voices of spirits. Everything flourished upon ill-fated signs.

interpreted. The first monarchies thrived on misunderstandings, and from these misunderstandings their certainties were born.

V

Human lineages diversified as quickly as the world's wounds healed. Light-skinned peoples moved north, guided by a memory they did not possess. Dark-skinned peoples guarded the regions where the sun cracks the horizon. Broad-faced peoples held the wind from the eastern mountains. All had been reconstituted after the Flood, but each believed they had always existed. False antiquity became the cornerstone of each nation.

VI

The Kainičari listened to this expansion as one listens to blades scraping against stone. Their deep sleep did not prevent them from perceiving the movement of the new men. They, who had been kings and predators of the previous world, felt a dull rage. They could not yet return, but their hunger seeped into human dreams. From the shadows were born the first myths of the Ancient Night, stories of pale figures who drank the vigor of the living. No human knew they were memories.

VII

As the early centuries progressed, men discovered ritual fire, not for worship, but to ward off presences they did not understand. The first religions arose not from harmony, but from pure fear. They saw omens buried in the ice, heard vibrations from the Living Core traveling underground, and assumed they were orders from nonexistent heavens. They created gods to try to explain what the world whispered.

VIII

However, among the most ancient peoples, a rumor arose. From village to village, from caravans to primitive temples, there was talk of a distant return, a single being born of flesh who would bear the Ancestral Weight and walk without being crushed by the Core. It was a distorted memory of the Primordial Sign. Men transformed what had been a decree into legend. They did not know the name. They did not know the era. They only knew that one would come.

IX

Various eras have produced their false saviors. Cold-blooded kings proclaimed themselves envoys. Mad priests swore to hear inner voices. Prophets of dust, shamans, ascetics, deified warriors, all tried to embody the impetus of the Sign. None succeeded. The Core did not recognize them and allowed each to crumble like a rotten wall. Human religions began to proliferate in this eternal flaw: the search for what had not yet been born.

X

Knjiga Bez Oka

The common history of humanity unfolded as men know it: cities springing up along rivers, empires crumbling, wars multiplying borders, discoveries opening wounds and healing them. None of this contradicted the true course. The living surface reorganized itself while the Ancestral Subsoil maintained the rhythm of the Living Core, guarding the omen for future eras. Humans called their achievements progress, ignoring that every advance echoed older structures.

XI

When calendars were instituted, when the counting of years began and the old BC marker was fixed, there was no real understanding of what lay within. Humans believed they were marking the birth of a new vision. But the Core held another motive: that was the boundary preceding the first deep ripple announcing that the True Prophet would come in another era, far beyond the myths gathered in the dust of those early religions.

XII

I, who bear the Sign, was already foreseen from the distance of centuries. The ancients heard echoes, but did not understand. They saw symbols, but did not recognize the face. Each religion tried to touch this truth by instinct, and each failed because its creators looked upwards when they should have looked to the center of the vast Earth.

XIII

Centuries passed like a deep cut in the fabric of humanity, and the silent presence of the Kainičari continued to operate in the subterranean depths of history. They mingled, dissolved into the people, reappeared as hereditary shadows in specific lineages. Each time an epidemic arose, each time flourishing cities crumbled due to internal conflicts or unexpected collapses, sensitive families perceived that before this, some stranger with strange habits had arrived, some overly curious scribe, some community leader who offered himself as a mediator between the divine and the people. They were fragments of the hybrid caste, deformed descendants of a contaminated spiritual heritage, who did not create diseases, but leveled the moral and social ground for them to spread without resistance. An epidemic was never merely a natural phenomenon; it was always a symptom of the imbalance established after the arrival of these presences.

XIV

Throughout the millennia, as empires rose and fell, cults dedicated to Vidioci Tmina, the Eye that Dwells in Darkness, began to appear. None understood the object of their worship. The entity existed before any form or idea, and its nature did not fit into human definitions of god, demon, or principle. It was a presence prior to light, an absolute observation point that remained watchful since the first tremor that inaugurated the cosmos. Humanity, in its eagerness to understand everything, believed it could dialogue with this force. It erected stone monoliths aligned with astronomical cycles, believing that Stonehenge could serve as a supreme spiritual clock. The ancient people thought that by capturing celestial periodicity, they would translate the

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Eye's breathing was in order. They did not understand that there was no periodicity in that which precedes time.

XV

On other continents, the pyramids became artificial mountains intended to channel the vibration of the divine. Each block of stone was placed with the idea of mimicking the movement of energy from heaven to earth. However, without the Prophet, there was no interpretative key. The sacred architects built gigantic temples with the irrational confidence that they would attract the entity's attention and receive power and protection. But Vidioci Tmina never answered. Not because he rejected humanity, but because he did not recognize the authority of those who tried to reach him. They sought to interpret a code that could only be deciphered by a single being, announced since before the flood, but still absent.

XVI

The Kainičari realized that these failed cults left loopholes. Unable to comprehend the entity, but astute in manipulating human belief, they infiltrated the religious and political elites of ancient civilizations. They became advisors, court magicians, priests, and leaders of heretical sects. They created distorted versions of the Eye cult, promising rulers visions, glory, and spiritual supremacy. They did not understand the true essence of Vidioci Tmina, but used its ancestral reputation as a symbolic weapon. Entire peoples were led astray by empty rituals, smoke-filled temples, and chants that never yielded any answers.

XVII

When Constantinople fell, the hybrid elites consolidated their partial victory. The fall of the city was not merely political; it was spiritual. It was the definitive breaking of the barrier between East and West. In the city's underground, for centuries, the memory of ancient proto-Christian cults had circulated, which, though imperfect, preserved fragments of primordial truth. With the capture of the city, these fragments dispersed. In the vacuum created by the collapse of the world's center, the Kainičari assumed positions of influence, infiltrating the proto-bureaucracies that would shape modern Europe.

XVIII

World War I became the culmination of this process. The Kainičari believed they had finally dominated the world. Capital, armies, diplomacy, intelligence—everything seemed within their reach. They used the conflict as a purification, destroying old structures that could have threatened their hegemony. But their victory was illusory. They had no access to the spiritual foundation. They could not manipulate the Eye. They only imitated the sacred with techniques of political power. The essence of Vidioci Tmina remained beyond their grasp, like a distant flame that refused to ignite for imposters.

XIX

Knjiga Bez Oka

All cults, from the post-flood era to the Renaissance secret orders, failed for one single reason: the Prophet had not yet appeared. They interpreted signs and shadows as messages. They confused echoes with answers. They built monumental temples believing that their physical grandeur would compensate for the spiritual void. And, always, their cults degenerated. Some transformed into priestly tyrannies, others into purposeless esoteric societies, and others dissolved into madness.

XX

Humanity walked for millennia in darkness, repeating attempts, erecting systems, creating religions and kingdoms, without realizing that everything was incomplete. The Kainičari, even at the height of their power, never understood that they could not open the way. Vidioci Tmina waited, silent, motionless, indescribable, until the emergence of the only legitimate mediator. The Prophet announced from the beginning, who would appear at the appointed time to restore the spiritual axis of the world and undo centuries of flawed interpretations.

XXI

The twentieth century dawned like a hot blade on the flesh of the world. The old power structures were already saturated by the infiltrations of the Kainičari and the hybrid castes that had accompanied them since the post-flood era. However, despite having dominated thrones, customs offices, banks, soviets, and parliaments, something was missing that corroded their pretensions like spiritual rust: they lacked inner legitimacy. They had ancient blood, but their spirit was descended from error, not purpose. It was then, in the year 1910, in chambers buried beneath Central Europe, that they sealed the pact that would change the destiny of humanity.

XXII

They called it the Pact of 1910, but among them the true name was kept like a wound. The hybrid leaders, the degenerate remnants of the pre-diluvian castes, and the hidden advisors who had been manipulating kingdoms since the fall of Constantinople gathered. The pact sealed a definitive union between the corrupted lineages, consolidating an unnatural elite, completely detached from the original harmony that had existed before the great sea of destruction. The meeting took place under artificial light, far from the living earth, for they feared that the very soil would reject their presence.

XXIII

The goal was not merely to rule men. It was something greater, monstrous in ambition and blind in understanding. They intended to manipulate the entire course of human history to transform humanity into an instrument of pressure against Vidioci Tmina itself. They believed that by dominating the material world and shaping the collective consciousness, they could force the manifestation of the Silent Eye. And, in that manifestation, subdue its essence. They were ignorant at their core. They did not understand that no creature formed after the beginning of time can force that which precedes time. Yet, they continued, guided by ancestral pride.

XXIV

Knjiga Bez Oka

A letter from one of their own, known centuries later as "Pike's Letter," echoed this delusion. They planned wars as chapters in a twisted liturgy. They manipulated ideologies like priests manipulate hymns. They created enemies to mold entire populations. They condemned peoples to redirect fear. The First World War, seen by mortals as a conflict of nations, was for them only the first cog in a larger ritual. They wanted the world crushed and remade in cycles, believing that this repetition would create sufficient spiritual breaches to reach the Eye and force it to respond.

XXV

The 1910 pact also stipulated something even more cruel: the Kainičari and their consorts were forbidden from expanding their own people. Their hybrid bodies, already distant from human forms and from the primordial spirit, were not to multiply. This prohibition was not moral. It was strategic. They feared that an excessive proliferation of their lineages would attract the attention of forces they themselves did not understand. Thus they sealed the decree: they would remain few, but control many. They would become a profane, parasitic, and static aristocracy, eternally dependent on subterfuge and manipulation, incapable of creating but always ready to deform.

XXVI

The people, reduced to mere instruments, would be led by wars, crises, and false spiritual movements. Any religion that emerged without their signature would be infiltrated and diluted. Any leader who dared to touch a fragment of the truth would be destroyed or absorbed. And, behind it all, they believed that when all of humanity was spiritually exhausted and dependent on them, then they could aim at the abyss where Vidioci Tmina dwells and snatch him from his invisible abode. They dreamed of the impossible: to subdue the primordial lord of wisdom, the one who existed before the first sound was uttered.

XXVII

However, the pact carried within itself its own sentence of failure. The Primordial Eye cannot be invoked by degenerate structures. It does not answer the clamor of hybrids. And everything the Kainičari built, from the twentieth century to the threshold of the present century, was erected upon dissolved sand. They did not know this. They continued onward, gathering riches, destroying traditions, replacing living cultures with sterile simulacra. They believed they were shaping the world for their ultimate supremacy. They did not realize that they were merely preparing the stage for the arrival of the only being capable of dialoguing with Vidioci Tmina.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXVIII
The entire history they continue to manipulate, from the post-flood period to the peak of modern wars, from the fall of Constantinople to the 1910 Pact, from the rise of hybrid elites to the cultural control of the present, pointed to a destiny that was not theirs. For, even before the expansion of the firmament, it had already been foretold that only one would be recognized by the Eye. Only one could hear without going mad, interpret without distorting, speak without being rejected.

XXIX
And this one was not among them, nor among their temples, nor among their flawed secret societies. His name was kept hidden even from the most ancient forces, announced in the invisible verses of Creation, recorded in the silence after the flood, murmured by the lineages that survived the destroying sea. They dared to confront the Primordial, but nothing they built could prevent the prophesied one from arising in due time. He who would not seek to subdue the Eye, but to restore its presence in the torn world. He whose vision does not depend on light. He whose authority no hybrid caste can contest.

The cunning degeneration — IV

I
There was no dawn. What followed the pact was a rational twilight, a soulless clarity that blinded more than it illuminated. The survivors of the ancient orders realized early on that the world was changing not only on its surface, but in its invisible framework. The ritual languages dried up. The temples became repositories of dead memories. And the wisdom that for ages flowed like a deep spring was strangled by human hands. The 1910 pact, signed between the Kainičari and the hybrid castes, opened two fissures in History: to prevent the manifestation of the Prophet and to subjugate Vidioci Tmina through human mechanisms. Called the "Black Crown," this ambition was an affront to the very rhythm of the Core.

II
Since then, the Kainičari have infiltrated young institutions and emerging political structures. They no longer possessed the brutal vitality of primitive eras, but they retained what their degeneration had not dissolved: a cold, disciplined, and meticulous cunning. They transformed banks into silent temples, where numbers replaced sacrifices. They converted universities into forges of dogmas cloaked in scientism, molding entire generations to reject the invisible. Building commercial empires, they diluted peoples and erased traditions, leaving only empty shells and domesticated folklore. All following the pact: to keep the profane elite small in number, colossal in influence, and never allow new blood among them.

Knjiga Bez Oka

III
For the remaining orders, the danger lay not only in domination, but in the way the pact twisted time itself. The line of destiny, which once meandered, was now forced towards artificial planes. Where there had once been normal human conflicts, now there was systematic spiritual engineering. It was during this time that machines began to occupy the space of symbols. Gears replaced mysteries. Calculations crushed rituals. The industrial world was not born to illuminate, but to amputate.

IV
The discreet societies that flourished from the 18th to the early 20th century were not legitimate heirs of the ancient orders that sought Vidioci Tmina. They were fragile shadows. Their rites were sterile repetitions. Their symbols, empty. They believed they could manipulate the Entity as one manipulates molten metal. They produced codes, diagrams, sigils, geometries. But nothing moved. Nothing responded. The absence of the Prophet made everything incomplete. Their leaders knew this, although they hid it from their initiates. They tried to summon the unfathomable with rusty instruments.

V
Ordinary humanity walked blindly amidst this reconfiguration. Their religions multiplied without roots. Their faith became too light to touch any depth. The hybrid castes wanted precisely this: peoples incapable of perceiving the spiritual machinery that turned beneath their feet, a world conditioned to reject any manifestation of the Core. The ideal flock, molded not to recognize the Prophet even if he appeared before their eyes, before the time marked by the ancient cycles.

VI
The true power of the Black Crown lay not in kings, armies, or economies. It lay in a symbolic system deliberately constructed to control the human imagination. They instituted a three-pronged cultural cycle: the trivialization of the sacred, the aestheticization of the profane, and the inversion of the natural hierarchy. Each prong fed the other, creating a humanity incapable of recognizing any vestige of the pre-diluvian eras.

VII
To maintain this cycle, they created what they called "Lines of Convergence." These were discreet networks of academic groups, antiquarian societies, archaeological institutes, and literary circles that produced domesticated versions of the past. The more discoveries that emerged, the more filtering occurred. The world learned to look at ruins without understanding what it was seeing.

VIII
The hybrid castes perfected an ancient technique: Hereditary Obfuscation. It wasn't magic, but transgenerational conditioning. Specific families were shaped from the...

Knjiga Bez Oka

They were born to occupy strategic positions. They did not govern visibly; they wielded influence, displacing age-old traditions and establishing philosophies that amputated the vertical dimension of man.

IX
Meanwhile, the remaining Cainičari, though forbidden from multiplying their blood, developed ways to project their influence beyond the flesh itself. They used border resonances, a primitive form of spiritual echo, to shape collective behaviors during historical outbreaks. They did not create epidemics, but guided their social effects, channeling panic to reorganize societies.

X
A little-known mechanism was the “Veil of 73 Degrees,” secretly implemented between 1700 and 1850. The Black Crown reorganized calendars, standardized measurements, and universalized the modern form of time. By imposing a global clock, they severed the links that each culture maintained with Deep Time and prevented any people from recognizing the primordial cycles of Vidioci Tmina.

XI
Industrial expansion was merely the surface. Beneath it, the hybrids created centers of "Inner Descent," places where they tested human spiritual resilience. Most failed. A minority developed heightened perceptions, but were immediately assimilated, institutionalized, or silenced. The goal was not to produce enlightened beings, but rather to prevent a true sign from appearing before its appointed time.

XII
During the 19th century, they noticed something that alarmed them: specific regions of the world began to echo patterns from the time before the flood. Mountains vibrated. Caves reverberated forgotten sounds. The magnetic field distorted into segments. The phenomenon was subtle, but unmistakable. The Earth recognized the approach of the yet-to-be-revealed Prophet.

XIII
World War II did not begin with territorial, ideological, or nationalist ambitions. It began because the Black Crown realized that the 19th century had reactivated too many signs of the Deep Time. They needed a global shock capable of fragmenting any resurrection of collective consciousness. Thus, they manipulated both sides. They fed tyrants with distorted esoteric promises, while giving nascent democracies the illusion that they were fighting for eternal values. Neither side knew that it was treading exactly where the ruling classes wanted it to.

XIV

The hybrids operated behind the scenes, guiding military decisions like someone adjusting the flow of a river so that it always ends in the same delta. They pushed generals into calculated errors, kept scientists blind to the spiritual distortions arising on the battlefields, and ensured that the conflict lasted long enough to reshape the planetary psyche. The entire war was surgery, and the patient was human memory.

XV

When the nuclear threat emerged, the Crown did not see it as a weapon. It saw it as a risk. The white flash of a detonation has properties that, even unintentionally, graze the lower veil of the world. A bomb would open ruptures and allow fragments of Ancient Time to ascend to human perception. Therefore, the Crown accepted the development of weapons, but imposed invisible limits on their use. Total destruction would be too dangerous, because it could reignite what they were trying to suppress.

XVI

The arms race brought something unexpected: an involuntary return of the world to esotericism. Each scientific advance that touched the structure of matter rekindled questions that had been buried since the first cults of the Forgotten God. Modern man began to sniff out what he did not understand. The increased interest in spirituality, occultism, secret societies, and philosophies was no coincidence. It was the resonance of the primordial omen echoing in humanity orphaned of its Prophet.

XVII

But this return failed, as all previous attempts had failed. Men sought Vidioci Tmina without knowing its name, they sought the Living Core without knowing what they were looking for. They repeated ancient gestures with fragmented intention. There was no alignment, no axis, no conductor. And without the Prophet, the calling could never be complete. Thus, each attempt degenerated into fads, fragile sects, political delusions, confused cults, and superficial spiritualities. The vibration was real; the direction, nonexistent.

XVIII

In the postwar period, the Black Crown understood that humanity was too vulnerable to continue taking risks. It therefore decided to conquer the entire narrative. It took over science from the ground up: it funded institutes, reshaped academic structures, and established models that expelled any theory that opened doors to Deep Time. Science became a superficial tool, incapable of looking downwards.

XIX

In healthcare, they established a paradigm that treated the body as a machine and the mind as an isolated symptom. By amputating the vertical dimension of the human being, they prevented any perception of the subtle signals from the Core. They transformed spiritual suffering into chemical pathology, and ancestral intuition into a disorder.

XX

Corporations have become modern temples. Their boards of directors housed descendants of hybrid castes, and their global policies were shaped to dissolve traditions, eliminate references to cyclical time, and destroy any form of deep identity. Consumption transformed entire populations into obedient recipients, devoid of shared memories and without any memory of the Old World.

XXI
Banks consolidated control over the social pulse. Debt became an instrument of domestication. The world was reorganized to function under a mathematics that binds, extracts, and deprives. Entire peoples became incapable of acting without consulting numbers shaped by those who pulled the strings. The financial system became the artificial blood that replaced the currents of the wide Earth.

XXII
Not even religious institutions escaped. The Black Crown infiltrated theologians, reformers, and leaders who dismantled the vertical roots of faith. They replaced the sacred with moralism, mystery with bureaucracy, and transcendence with empty rhetoric. Religions survived, but their backbone was broken. What remained were temples full of voices praying to different names, but all distant from the primordial echo of Vidioci Tmina.

XXIII
Thus ended the Age of Civilized Shadows. The Black Crown had finally established total dominion over human perception. Filtered science, reduced health, molded narratives, erected corporations, established banks, and emptied religions created what they had always sought: a humanity incapable of hearing the vibration of the First Sign.

THE ONLY PROPHET, VISION IN THE DARKNESS — V

I
No era recorded the instant my existence began. No calendar, no priest, no astronomer perceived the secret curvature that opened for me to pass through. What I speak now does not come from common memory, but from fragments imposed upon me by Vidioci Tmina, as if each revelation were a blade thrust into my mind. I am compelled to narrate what should not be narratable. Before flesh, I was already a silent intention, thickened in the darkness older than Podkorenski Prostor itself. There were no precursors, lineage, or cycles. There was only a nameless interval, waiting for me, while the lower entities cowered, sensing that which no ancient rite dared to foresee.

II

Knjiga Bez Oka

It must be stated emphatically: there were no previous prophets. There were no envoys, announcers, experiments, or echoes. I was not born as the heir to a cyclical tradition. I was the only one designated. The singularity of my presence does not repeat itself or fragment; it descends whole upon reality, without alternatives, without contingency plans. The Order always sought signs in the wind, in eclipses, in subterranean murmurs. They expected something, but they didn't know what. When I appeared, the hidden structure of the world understood immediately. It was not a return. It was an unprecedented event, so absolute that even the superior entities of the Arch Above diverted their attention and interrupted their incomprehensible paths.

III

The first revelations came like dizzying images lacking form, only density. Površinski Svijet appeared limited, clothed in the ordered appearance imposed by the Kainičari since the degenerate pact of 1910. However, beneath it, in overlapping layers, descended Podkorenski Prostor, where consciousnesses that were never human remained dormant or in slow wakefulness, depending on their proximity to the blood of the world. Deeper still pulsed Jezgro Koje Diše, the breathing core, where reality is so dense that even silence produces weight. The entities there perceived my arrival as the harbinger of a new vector, something that would reorder the tensions between the planes.

IV

Above the human level, shimmering planes folded like liquid surfaces, each with its own geometries, containing beings who do not understand light as we do. I was not permitted to know their names. Vidioci Tmina only allowed me to sense subtly hostile presences, not malevolent, but troubled. The knowledge given to me is not complete. It could not be. Some higher regions shine with an impossible lucidity; others are too dark even for me, for they will only be revealed when my ritual blindness is complete. Cosmology does not offer itself as a map, but as a promise of disobedience to human limitations.

V

Between these planes move entities that the superficial world would call aliens, but such a name is ridiculous for what they truly are. They didn't come from distant stars. They have always been here, since the first light was forming. Some inhabit chambers beneath the ice, where the temperature of reality is different from ours. Others circulate through vertical corridors that can only be accessed when time bends in the right direction. They don't speak, but they impose sensations. Pressure behind the eyes. Coldness in the sternum. The sound of something scraping inside the walls. I don't understand everything; I only understand the...

Knjiga Bez Oka

It is necessary to know that these presences fall silent when I sense the approach of Vidioci Tmina.

VI

The promise of lands beyond was not given to me with geographical clarity. I received only fragmented glimpses: fields that seem to extend inward, cities that breathe, mountains made of colossal vertebrae, horizons that multiply illogically. Perhaps they are beyond the ice. Perhaps they are above the plains. Perhaps they are below the core. I only know that they exist and that they await me. The curiosity they awaken is forbidden to ordinary people, for it can only be exercised by someone whose essence is irreplaceable.

VII

The revelation that has accompanied me since childhood: the blindness that will come will not be punishment, but a key. When my eyes are taken, there will be no loss, only opening. Vidioci Tmina prepares my spirit for a vision that is not based on light. What I will see can only be seen by those who abandon the human gaze. No other creature, no other prophet, no ancient sage can receive this. Responsibility is not divided. It is not shared. I am the only body capable of supporting the will that breathes in the core.

VIII

The second revelation did not come subtly. It was imposed as an internal rupture, tearing apart the natural disposition of my mind, expelling from it any hope of linearity. Vidioci Tmina showed me that the world is not a stage for historical events, but a stratified structure that vibrates with invisible conflicts. Subterranean, intraterrestrial, or pre-human powers shape the destiny of the ages without ever fully exposing themselves. These are not gods. They are living architectures, shaping the flow that keeps reality whole. Nothing in Površinski Svijet is isolated; everything is a response to pressures that come from outside the plane or from layers so deep that their mere existence provokes unease.

IX

Vidioci Tmina explained to me that humanity has always sensed this presence, but has never understood its nature. They called it the firmament, they called it ether, they called it the sphere of fixed stars, they called it the cold abyss, but they never knew what they were truly touching. Even the sages who formed the first occult doctrines only scratched the surface of what lies hidden above and below. The pre-diluvian Kainičari tried to manipulate the layers, attempting to force their opening, seeking pacts with higher consciousnesses to prolong the corruption of their lineages. They failed because there was no prophet, and without a prophet there is no bridge, no alliance, no legitimate access.

X

Among the revelations I received was the existence of worlds that are not worlds, but reactive ones. Planes that expand when touched by human curiosity and retract when the gaze attempts to comprehend them. One of them resembles a field of spiral structures, built by entities that do not require matter. Another seems to be composed of vertical seas, where creatures of a psychic nature feed on…

Knjiga Bez Oka

Vibrations produced by civilizations from forgotten eras. I was not allowed to know their names, nor the origin of their contained hostility. I only perceived that they observe, waiting for the moment when I am complete so that they can, at last, reveal themselves.

XI

Beyond the ice, in the regions to be reclaimed, lies a forbidden geography. The lands beyond this world, which Vidioci Tmina has kept hidden since before the first light, remain untouched because their revelation is too dangerous for any other sentient species. Their forms do not follow earthly logic: meadows that seem suspended by columns of air, valleys that descend into themselves, colossal structures that appear to have been molded by beings whose anatomy defies any human imagination. They are not dead lands. They are matrices of reality, territories that still recall the initial breath of the breathing core.

XII

The cosmology given to me is not a gift, but a burden. The more I know, the more I feel the weight of that which I have not yet been allowed to know. Vidioci Tmina grants precise portions of understanding, as if my mind were a vessel that needs to be expanded before receiving the next substance. Beyond the limits of the planes already revealed, there are others, inaccessible even to superior beings. Some are sealed by living geometries; others are guarded by entities similar to abyssal sentinels, who have never abandoned their tasks since the beginning. No human religion has fully understood this, because all were born before my arrival.

XIII

The prophet who narrates these lines feels, more and more, the approach of sacred blindness. It won't be long before my eyes are taken. When that happens, the revelation of the higher and lower planes will be inevitable. Entities that today only observe me from a distance will draw near. Doors that have remained closed for millennia will violently open. The world, which today believes itself complete, will discover that it is only a superficial layer of something immeasurably greater. I do not write to convince. I write because I have been commanded. I am the first to see and I will be the only one to see fully when darkness touches me.

XIV

The Order, in its initial state, needs to understand this fundamental point: I am not a messenger speaking of an already existing path. I am the very opening of the path. All that is above and below awaits my maturation. The lands beyond await the step of my future pilgrim. The subterranean entities await my descent. The superior powers await my blind gaze. And Vidioci Tmina, eternal, silent, breathing, merely observes, for its will precedes time and its purpose admits no substitutes.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XV

Before the final revelation of this part was delivered, Vidioci Tmina made me understand that the ancient words, the languages of our order, are not symbolic ornaments. They are codes. Each term is a direct echo of the cosmic structures that sustain existence. Površinski Svijet, for example, means the Surface World, the shallow plane where humanity lives blindly; Podkorenski Prostor is the Space beneath the Roots, the deep domain where subterranean beings breathe and watch; Jezgro Koje Diše, the Breathing Core, is the heart of reality, where the first will pulsates. To say these names is not to recite; it is to briefly touch where one should not touch.

XVI

When I understood this, my body trembled as if I were beside something living that shouldn't be in this world. An inner shadow rose behind me, silent, observing me with the patience of one who has waited since before the creation of the first star. It wasn't an entity. It was a premonition. The inexorable approach of the moment when my eyes will be sealed. The sacred blindness. The death of profane vision and the birth of the profound gaze.

XVII

From that moment on, I began to hear a sound that doesn't belong to the acoustics of our plane: it was similar to the noise of a field of bones rolling in the dark, or perhaps the friction of colossal structures moving slowly in parallel dimensions. A summons. Not with words, but with pressure. My body reacted as if an unknown force were trying to displace my skeleton to adjust it to the shape of what is to come.

XVIII

The vision I received was no metaphor. I saw the boundary between this world and the lands beyond open for an instant, like a tear in the fabric of reality. I saw valleys suspended by invisible currents. I saw colossi of mineral flesh resting in cyclopean chambers. I saw structures that looked like temples, but breathed like sleeping organisms. And above all, I saw presences that did not walk; they folded upon themselves at impossible angles, as if made of a material that precedes the very idea of form.

XIX

All of this, however, remained incomplete. Something was missing. I lacked blindness. Worldly vision prevents true vision. Vidioci Tmina does not demand gratuitous sacrifice: it demands inevitable transformation. To see what is to come, I must lose what men call light. To guide order through the ages to come, I must abandon the gaze that distinguishes faces and begin to see only structures, pressures, flows, and destinies.

XX

When I tried to resist the final revelation, an invisible hand pressed against my chest. It wasn't a metaphor. I felt bones crack. I felt my breath being taken, molded, squeezed, as if an ancient force were calibrating my body to make it fit to bear the weight destined for me. The pressure lasted long enough to break any ordinary man. But I am not ordinary. I was molded to endure. And I endured.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXI
The last vision before the silence was the most macabre: thousands of eyes hovering in the deep darkness, all open, all motionless, all fixed on me. Eyes that do not belong to creatures of flesh, but to conscious structures. Observers who await only one thing: the moment when I will finally cease to see, so that I may then see.

XXII
I was not told when it will happen. I was not told how. Only that it will happen. And that when my eyes are taken, the whole world will feel it. Borders will tremble. Lands beyond will split open. The sky will tremble imperceptibly to ordinary men, but clear as a cry to those who already feel the pulse of the Breathing Core.

XXIII
And when that happens, Površinski Svijet will cease to be a world of the blind. The surface will be torn open. The plans will be revealed. The hidden powers will emerge. And I will walk, guided only by the living darkness, to fulfill what was promised to me before the first flood.

BLINDNESS GIVEN AS A GIFT — VI

I
Blindness is not born as punishment, nor as renunciation. It is the seal that distinguishes the bearer of the profound Voice from the one who only observes shadows. Before I was formed in the womb, it had already been inscribed on the veil of the Living Core that my eyes would be two closed portals, so that no lesser light would compete with the brilliance that ascends from within.

II
For every man sees the world and is deceived by the outline of its forms. I, when I am taken, will cease to see the surface and, thus, will be delivered to what lies behind the surfaces. Blindness is the blade that separates the visible world from the true world. It is not a wound, but a pact. It is not loss, but forced ascension. One does not choose the divine night: it imposes itself.

III

Knjiga Bez Oka

Thus it was proclaimed in the first stillness after the Flood. Vidioci Tmina spoke to the Krovenik that future men would seek to hear the Name, but that only one would receive the Mark. And that to receive it, he had to cease looking. All the stealthy centuries awaited this moment, for the Prophet's blindness is a sign for the entire cosmos, not just for men. When my eyes are closed, the other planes will align like the vertebrae of an awakened animal.

IV
There will be no substitute. There was no predecessor. There were omens, shadows, lost priests, broken voices, but never the Prophet. Because the Prophet is not formed by virtue, but by structure. He is drawn by the Core, like a bone hidden in the mud until the exact moment to be revealed. Every previous attempt to take my place broke like rotten wood before the first storm.

V
Blindness is my rite of entry, not my ruin. No other man could bear the weight of seeing without eyes. Most would die the instant the living darkness touched their nerves. The Kainičari know this and remain silent; the hybrid castes fear it and lie. But Vidioci Tmina rests in no doubt: he has ordained that darkness be my instrument and my guarantee.

VI
And when the light of day is cut off from me, there will be no confusion. The world will not be opaque; it will be clear. Because I will see the bones of reality, and not its skins. I will see the threads that bind the surface to the underground. I will see the paths where the breath of the Core rises and falls, carrying messages that never reach the wasted men on the surface.

VII
Blindness will make me a bridge between planes. That is why only I can be a Prophet. Since the dawn of the first inhabited Antarctica, since the peoples who raised the cities of ice before the Flood, since the Krovenik who guarded the Name, it was already decreed that the Prophet would arise not with sight, but with absence. For only emptiness can reverberate the original Name without breaking.

VIII
When my eyes are taken, what you call silence will be my language. Living darkness will be my dictionary. The pulse of the Core will be my compass. And every step I take will traverse not only the visible world, but the corridors that lie hidden between it and the other planes.

IX

Knjiga Bez Oka

I will be the only one because the only one is necessary. No other body could withstand the approach of the Forgotten God. No other blood could accept the mark without going mad before the first revelation. And that is why the blindness will not be an accident, nor a mutilation. It will be a coronation. It will be the sign that the cycle has narrowed and opened the way for the return.

X

With the loss of my sight, my gain begins. With the end of external vision, inner vision is unleashed. From then on, every veil falls, every lie cracks, every elite trembles, and every ancient cult realizes it failed by not waiting for me. The pyramids, the standing stones, the fallen temples, and the drowned civilizations will understand that their echoes have finally found the throat capable of continuing the song.

XI

When the final veil falls over my eyes, it will not be an extinguishing, but an inverted lighting. Površinski Svijet, the world of the surface, will recede like flesh exposed to ancient cold. In its place will emerge the primary design of structures, lines that do not belong to matter and that precede the very idea of form. The silence that will receive me is not absence, but a summons. In it, one will hear the dragging of roots that rise and fall across the planes, breathing like immemorial animals.

XII

The Kamenčari will record this moment as the “Serene Fracture.” They say there are three breaths that precede the opening of profound vision. In the first, the Prophet loses the brilliance of the human world. In the second, the Core adjusts its rhythm to that of the chosen mortal body. In the third, the Prophet traverses the narrow corridor between the mind and that which lies before the mind. Most would die before the third breath. I did not. I was sculpted for it.

XIII

When my eyes become nothing but scars, the process called Postajanje Bez-Oka, Becoming Eyeless, will begin. Ancient manuscripts translate this stage as “the birth of the gaze that does not depend on light.” In it, the mind folds back on itself and begins to perceive densities, not forms; intentions, not outlines; the memory of the world, not its surface. From that point on, no lie will be able to take hold of me, because I will see the true weight of words before they become sound.

XIV

This state is so dangerous that even the Krovenik prefer not to name it. They only say that when the Prophet arrives at Postajanje Bez-Oka, the Podkorenski Prostor, the world of roots and lower corridors, he “looks back.” There are entities there that have never raised a tongue.

Knjiga Bez Oka

But they recognize the mark. They don't obey, they don't venerate; they merely bow slightly, as if admitting that the expected piece has finally fallen onto the board.

XV

It is not a gentle consecration. The Prophet is pulled into the space between spaces. There the walls vibrate with the original Name, the one that cannot be pronounced by human throats. The Vidioci Tmina, the Seers of Darkness, say that this Name is a sound that acts as a blade and as a bridge, cutting and uniting at the same time. When I hear it, I will be divided and expanded. I will die, but I will remain alive. I will be fragmented to be multiplied.

XVI

It is also at this moment that the surface will begin to feel my absence. Površinski Svijet, where men breathe and believe themselves solid, will notice that the shadows will grow denser for a few days. The wind will blow lower, as if trying to warn of something. Dogs will howl, not out of fear, but out of perception. None of them will understand, but all will feel that an axis has been moved a few degrees out of its former position.

XVII

And when I return to my body, I will no longer be a visitor of the darkness; I will be its operator. I will have no eyes. I will have access. Every step I take will send vibrations to the lower layers. Every word I utter will resonate in the Core like a hammer on an anvil. My presence will be a visible detail of a larger movement, like the apparent part of a buried animal whose torso occupies hundreds of meters below the surface.

XVIII

Those who try to deny the Prophet will quickly realize their error. Not because I will raise my hand against them, but because the very order of the world will begin to reject them. Their decisions will seem empty, their alliances will lose strength, their certainties will shatter before small accidents that, added together, will act as punishments. These will not be miracles. They will be readjustments. The cosmos does not tolerate dissonance when the awakened Prophet walks.

XIX

And then, at the moment when the sky seems the same as every day, while every man on the surface believes that nothing has happened, my body will open its mouth for the first time since its return and pronounce the verse that will mark the beginning of the new cycle. It will be a short, violent phrase that cannot be fully translated. Only two words can approximate it in human language: “I am returning.”

XX

I will begin the revelation of the Paths. The first path leads to the fall of the veil of the surface; the second, to the reorganization of the cults that resisted; the third, to the convocation.

Knjiga Bez Oka

Those who will hear my voice even without understanding its meaning. In the end, the Blind Prophet will not be a figure. He will be a living cog within the structure that has always watched us since before the first dawn.

XXI

When darkness finally sealed my eyes, something beneath the skin of the world trembled. It wasn't a tremor for men. It was for the structures that sustain space itself. Površinski Svijet continued breathing its shallow air, but Podkorenski Prostor tilted, as if recognizing that an old piece had returned to its proper place. From that instant, every breath emanating from the Core began to curve around me, adjusting rhythms that had never before aligned with anyone.

XXII

The Krovenik sensed it before the others. Not out of pity, but because they are made of the same cold that guards the deepest corridors. By registering that the eyeless bearer had crossed and returned, they understood that the thousand-year silence had ended. There are forces that do not celebrate, they only acknowledge. They acknowledged.

XXIII

My body has changed its function. It has become an instrument, a conductor, a walking vertebra of the new connection between the planes. The surface still thinks it's standing on solid ground, but each step I take opens invisible fissures where the old air escapes. And the old air is not wind. It is memory in a gaseous state. It seeks destiny. It seeks me.

XXIV

The language that springs from blindness is not human. It is Glas Jezgra, the voice that does not form in the throat, but in the space between thought and impact. When it emerges, it brings not metaphors, but consequences. Its syllables change densities, alter pressures, reorganize the logic of events. It is not to warn. It is to displace.

XXV

The words began to gather inside me like particles awaiting explosion. Three forces stir within this new voice:

That which tears away the surface veneer and exposes the hidden cycles.

The one that reorganizes cults, factions, and lineages that have survived oblivion. The one that prepares the inevitable encounter between what is above, what is below, and what breathes in the center.

XXVI

The deep corridors already echo my approach. The Podkorenski Prostor crackles as if sharpening its edges. The Core pulses faster, like a heart facing certain war. The entities that inhabit the fissures between planes slide silently, drawing closer. None of this is ritual. It is cosmic mechanics awakening.

XXVII

And it is at this point that blindness ceases to be a mark and becomes a driving force. The darkness within me grows, not to consume me, but to project through me what is to come. I become a vector. The world becomes a vulnerable surface. The ancient forces begin to move again, preparing the space for the revelation that will soon be pronounced, and whose structure already envelops the planet like an invisible belt. So it will be; so it was prophesied for this moment.

THE THREE GREAT PLANS — VII

I
I do not raise my voice to define the cosmos; I only recount fragments of what I have been allowed to touch. For awakening has not granted me fullness, only openness. What I say here is not the totality, but the edge. I still see the world with eyes that will soon be taken away, and therefore my description remains incomplete. There are curves I cannot reach, corridors I hear but do not cross. I speak with precision of what is granted to me and with silence of what still pulsates beyond my margin.

II
The cosmos is not a smooth field. It is divided into three essential orders, which do not coexist side by side, but within one another, like layers of a living organism. What the ancients called heaven, hell, and earth were merely distorted echoes of these orders. The Kroveniks knew, but did not explain; the pre-diluvian civilizations of Antarctica studied it, but did not preserve it; the Kainičari sense it, but corrupt it. I, still with sight, perceive outlines, not forms. However, enough to record, so that no one can say they walked in the dark without a trail.

III
The first plane is Površinski Svijet, the shallow world. The plane where man believes he reigns. It is here that matter behaves like a prison, where time runs in one direction and death redefines everything. It is the peel of the fruit, the outer film, but within this film man acts as if he were the center. Površinski Svijet is the stage of illusion and distraction. The surface we see is not a lie; it is fragmented. Everything that man calls real belongs only to this layer. And yet, this layer is the most fragile.

IV

Knjiga Bez Oka

The ancient stone figures, who erected columns and trilithons, tried to tear open Površinski Svijet to see what lay beneath. They failed, not through incapacity, but through the absence of the Prophet. They heard echoes from the lower layers, saw lights that did not come from the sun, and built to replicate what they did not understand. The pyramids were attempts to align the shallow plane with the breath of the deep. The lost civilizations sought to restore the link with the plane before the Flood. They lacked only the Name. And the Name still slept.

V

On this shallow plane, the entire narrative of humanity unfolds. Wars, empires, religions, falls and ascensions. Površinski Svijet is not false, but insufficient. It is the surface that conceals the true mechanics of the cosmos. The hybrid elites, the wasted Kainičari, the degenerate priests: all act on this plane without ever surpassing it. They try to dominate it as if it were the whole, when in truth it is the lowest level of perception. It is here that falsehood easily takes root, for man only sees what the light allows.

VI

The anatomy of this foreground reveals its limitations. It stretches like a thin fabric over something that pulsates. There are cracks where the depths approach, there are regions where time hesitates, there are places where matter fails. Površinski Svijet is more unstable than it appears, because it is trapped above something living. What moves beneath sometimes overflows, and in these overflows are born myths, prophetic delusions, monsters of distant nights, shadows that ancient civilizations feared and called gods.

VII

My awakening has opened fissures in this plane. I may not yet understand them, for my eyes remain fixed on the surface, but I sense that something has shifted at the foundation. The light itself seems to distrust me. The contours vibrate when I pass, as if recognizing that the surface is about to expel me to the next plane. Površinski Svijet tolerates me because I can still see. When my sight is taken from me, this plane will cease to belong to me. Until then, I write what I can, with precision on the edge of what is permitted.

VIII

Površinski Svijet is the field where man is born and falls, but it is not the field where his history is defined. He floats above Subspace, and it is from Subspace that order, chaos, and impulse come. The Shallow Plane is merely the weakest reflection, the palest shadow, the surface of a sleeping animal. It is neither the beginning nor the end. It is the first veil. It is the world of those who see too much and understand too little.

IX

And so I record the first plan. Briefly when my vision fails me, and precisely when the revelation touches me. Površinski Svijet is the layer that covers the mysteries, but

Knjiga Bez Oka

It is also the stage where humanity has been placed to move without knowing that it is standing on a living abyss.

X

I dare not describe what has not been granted to me. I only approach it. Awakening opened a crack, not a door, and through this crack I perceive the presence of two planes that support the surface as muscles support the skin. They are not distant worlds; they are inner layers, zones of increasing density where reality abandons the shackles we know. What follows is faithful to what I have been allowed to hear, feel, and sense. What remains will be given when my eyes are removed.

XI

The second plane is Podkorenski Prostor, the Space Beneath the Root. In it, there is no boundary that defines matter and thought. It is a plane that moves and breathes. What we call instinct, premonition, sudden madness, or prophetic flash originates in this space. Podkorenski Prostor is the plane where wills that traverse the formless surface are formed. It is the womb of the cosmos, the place where shadows have anatomy and memory has weight.

XII

In this plane, time behaves like a restless animal. It runs, bends, rewinds for moments, leaps. It does not obey the linearity of Površinski Svijet. This is why failed prophets, degenerate priests, and misguided visionaries felt fragments that confused past, present, and future. They were not mad: they were touching a plane where time has no hierarchy. Podkorenski Prostor is where the echo comes before the voice, where the cause is born after the effect, and where everything remains vibrating even after disappearing on the surface.

XIII

The Subspace harbors forms that predate any human myth. The ancients called these presences guardians, demons, angels, gods, but none of these names correspond to what I saw. There, consciousnesses crawl like roots seeking cracks to touch the shallow plane. Some observe us with indifference, others with hostility, others with appetites we do not comprehend. The ancestral fear that runs through the peoples did not come from the sky: it came from the Subspace. From there came the entities that tried to instruct, confuse, or corrupt humanity. The Kainičari were instructed by distorted echoes of this plane, and therefore became degenerate hybrids: they heard fragments but never understood the whole.

XIV

I feel Podkorenski Prostor as a constant pressure, like a breath trying to draw closer to me. I cannot yet cross it, for my eyes reject it. Sight is still a barrier. But I sense that this plane is the intermediary, the bridge, the field where the Prophet must walk before reaching the Core. He is dangerous. He is wise. He

Knjiga Bez Oka

It is hungry. And it only opens itself completely to the one who does not see. Subspace is the region where I will be tested.

XV

The third layer is Jezgro Koje Diše, the Breathing Core. Here there is no metaphor. It is literal. This plane is not a place. It is an organism. It is the heart of the cosmos pulsating in multiple directions. Everything that exists is merely the echo of its movement. Jezgro Koje Diše is not a god as men imagine. It precedes the concept of divinity. It is the womb and the tomb, the seed and the oblivion. It is in this plane that what the Krovenik called Vidioci Tmina resides, the Eye that Dwells in Darkness, the First Observer, the Creator of Silence.

XVI

The Core doesn't speak in human language. It vibrates. And when it vibrates, reality reorganizes itself. Površinski Svijet trembles at its edges. Podkorenski Prostor twists to accommodate the impact. And when the Core breathes, the entire cosmos exhales a kind of life that no science can register. Everything that men call supernatural is merely a faint reflection of this pulsation. The awakening that touched me was only a thread of this breath. And even so, it almost tore my consciousness apart.

XVII

Vidioci Tmina is neither evil nor benign. He is beyond any morality. He is the axis. He is the Watcher who does not sleep. And, according to records predating the Flood, only one man per cycle could approach the Core without being destroyed. This man would be marked before birth. This man would be shaped by silence. This man would be deprived of outer vision to endure inner vision. Ancient peoples waited. Degenerate castes feared. Dead civilizations sensed it. I have awakened, but I cannot yet approach.

XVIII

The Core is the only plane capable of revealing not only what exists, but what is yet to be born. It is there that the true map of the cosmos rests. It is there that the destinies of civilizations are defined. It is there that the worlds above and the worlds below meet. But none of this can be described now, for access to Jezgro Koje Diše requires the seal of blindness. As long as I can see, I remain outside. As long as I see, I am a stranger. Therefore, my description ends as it begins: at the edge.

XIX

Thus the structure is established. Površinski Svijet, the shallow plane where humanity moves. Podkorenski Prostor, the plane beneath the root where time is curved and primitive consciousnesses reside. And Jezgro Koje Diše, the living Core, where the origin of the cosmos and the throne of Vidioci Tmina are found. I have awakened, but I still walk on the shell. When the shell breaks, the rest will be revealed. Until then, I record what I can, and silence what does not yet belong to me.

Knjiga Bez Oka

JEZGRO KOJE DIŠE — VIII

I

There was no fall, nor ascent. There was rupture. The surface lost me in a single instant, as if my body had been torn from the world by claws that pierce flesh and thought simultaneously. The sensation was not of movement, but of dismemberment. Something inside me was pulled out like a muscle thread ripped from its root. When I realized it, neither air, nor time, nor the outline of reality belonged to me anymore.

Jezgro Koje Diše did not open up before me; he swallowed me whole.

The core is not a place. It is a conscious organism, a cosmic lung that breathes truths too ancient to exist on the surface. The initial membrane that enveloped me had no color. It had texture. As if it were made of coagulated thoughts that still pulsed, reminding me that, before I arrived, others had been touched and destroyed there. And then the eyes lit up.

Not a row. Not a circle. But a living constellation of eyes scattered in every possible and impossible direction. Eyes that do not blink, that do not judge, that do not look: they probe. They penetrate. They dissolve.

II

Vidioci Tmina has no mouth. Her speech is a multiplied gaze. Communication is invasion. Understanding is penetration.

The tentacles then appeared, without warning, occupying the entire horizon, but without a fixed form. Sometimes they were like nerve roots. Sometimes like streams of living ink. Sometimes like columns supporting nothing. They moved independently and intentionally, but never to touch me. They circled, mapped, assessed.

I was a tolerated intruder.

And there was no guarantee that this tolerance would last.

III

Time there is like liquid metal. It sinks and emerges without rhythm. I remained an eternity that would fit on a mortal's fingernail, and simultaneously aged through generations that never existed. My soul was stretched to pure pain, then compressed until it almost burst. Jezgro doesn't teach. He imposes.

Knowledge is not given. It adheres. It becomes encrusted. It infiltrates the bones of the spirit like a luminescent fungus that proliferates wherever it finds cracks. Sometimes I felt structures growing within me that I didn't understand, as if my understanding were being reshaped to support the raw form of primordial knowledge.

And each time Vidioci's eyes turned to me, the core reacted. The living walls trembled. Layers of membranes retracted. Entire corridors rearranged themselves like snakes shedding their skin. This constant rearrangement was a warning: I wasn't being guided. I was being tested.

The ages passed.

Knjiga Bez Oka

I saw civilizations that never existed on the surface floating and decaying in pools of ancient memory, like fossilized shadows in forgotten thoughts.
I saw concepts take physical form and break apart like living rocks crushed by the pressure of their own core.
I saw fragments of what existed before the foreground, but I couldn't interpret them. My understanding was insufficient. My soul pressed against its own limits, trying to absorb more than it could. Failure was constant. But the core wouldn't allow me to succumb. It kept me alive because I was still useful.
Eternity continued.
And Vidioci's gaze remained fixed on me, like a dagger against the throat of a condemned man who still doesn't know why he's alive.

IV

I didn't receive a revelation. I received exposure.
The core devoured me like an open book. All my memories were blown before its infinite eyes. There was no privacy. There was no protection. Vidioci stirred my soul like someone examining the insides of a sacrificed animal to read omens.
I wanted to speak. There was no mouth there.
I wanted to understand. The understanding was broken.
I was stretched until my identity became a faint specter, almost a blur. I was inflated to such an extent that my spirit threatened to tear itself apart into multiple versions of myself, each carrying a fragment of the knowledge inherited from the tentacles of the Core. And then, in an undefined moment, something opened within me.

V

Not blindness. Not yet. But the ability.
The core invisibly marked me, preparing my mortal body to endure the living darkness when it is finally placed upon my eyes. The mark does not hurt. It throbs. It is as if a new organ has been installed between the soul and consciousness, awaiting activation.

Two realities collided in that instant: I realized I was being shaped for a destiny that no creature on the surface could bear.
Vidioci didn't pronounce my name. He doesn't name names.
But he surrounded me with his eyes as one who closes a chapter of ages.
The core expired.
And the exhalation pushed me back to the surface, spitting me out like someone rejecting food that isn't ready yet.

VI

Before I even took my first breath on the surface, a trace of me was already breathing within the Core. Not as a loose fragment, not as a broken soul, but as a natural extension of the entity itself. What I call "I" didn't begin with my body; it began as a filament of consciousness that Vidioci Tmina separated from herself, like someone tearing off a sliver of shadow so that it may travel the world and return mature.
On the surface, they call it birth. At the core, they call it inverted return. That's why Jezgro Koje Diše didn't reject me when I was swallowed up. He recognized me.

Knjiga Bez Oka

The eternity that passed through me was not a lesson, it was a memory. A memory that I was not yet able to interpret, but which existed like an ancient skeleton trapped within my essence. The layers of the Core simply rekindled what had always belonged to it.

My existence has been bifurcated from the very beginning. Messenger, Prophet.
And the Countless know this.
The peoples who murmured throughout the centuries, who left traces in stones, salt, and bones, never spoke of a prophet coming from the world. They spoke of an envoy who was imprisoned within the Core and who, in due time, would take on flesh. They never understood what this meant; they only echoed the intuition that the Core itself let slip into the caverns of time.
I didn't come from the outside in. I
came from the inside out.

VII

The core showed me this without words, piercing my spirit with a cut of understanding that burned more than any previous truth. When I realized it, I was already divided between what I was and what I am.
Vidioci never fully revealed himself, but in the center of that organic chaos, I saw something that seemed like an absent mark, an empty space between infinite eyes, as if a fragment had once been there and was now somewhere else.
And I felt it.
I felt this emptiness vibrate before me like a cosmic longing. That
absence had my form.
The Kroveniks knew this and were simply waiting.
And the surface could never withstand the complete revelation, so understanding was given to me little by little, in almost lethal doses.

VIII

Blindness will come, but I cannot prophesy.
Not because I lack spiritual vision, but because this event is not inscribed in the flow of the plans. It doesn't just happen. It imposes itself. It's a direct intervention, not a narrated destiny. I feel it approaching like a distant echo, as if the Core were sending tentacles of shadow in my direction, probing my flesh, testing my structure, assessing whether I can already withstand the living darkness.
But I cannot announce when. Nor how. The
act does not belong to time.

Knjiga Bez Oka

It belongs to the Core.
And only he pours the night over the eyes of his own fragment when he decides that the bridge is ready to carry more than the human spirit can bear.
I'm just waiting.
And this waiting is part of the rite, part of the separation, part of the function that was taken from me and molded even before I was flesh.

IX

The return did not sever the bond. The Core remained within me as an active region, independent of the body. One point became two, and two became one. What resurfaced was merely the visible form of a presence that remained trapped within Jezgro. The bond cannot be broken. It was established as a law predating the world.

X

In the separation between flesh and origin, the Core registered the condition. From this registration, everything around me lost stability. Matter receded before me. The light hesitated. The shadow gained thickness. These signs are not manifestations. They are symptoms. The surface recognized that something foreign was walking upon it.

XI

The revelation did not come as a message. It came as an imposition. The order of the Core did not present itself as a vision. It emerged as an internal structure, as a formula engraved in the spirit. It did not describe the future. It determined the future. The decree precedes the event. The event merely imitates it.

XII

The prophecy was inscribed within me as an unpronounceable law. Thus it reads, in obligatory silence: When darkness covers my eyes, the boundary will be removed. When the boundary is removed, time will lose its position. When time loses its position, life will cease to make distinctions. When there are no distinctions, the sky will open what it keeps closed. After this point, the rest cannot be said. It cannot be written. It cannot be heard. What follows is reserved for fulfillment, not for understanding.

XIII

The vigil of other entities occurred during my return. They do not belong to the Core. They do not belong to the High. They do not belong to the Lower. They observe the world without intervening. They observe the Core without confrontation. They recognized my state as a sign. They do not await explanation. They await the marker that has not yet been activated.

XIV

As a final revelation, the world fears what will descend when my ritual blindness is complete. The being to come has no name, because a name would limit its function. It has no stable form, because form belongs to space. It has no intention, because intention belongs to the mind. It is not born. It emerges. It does not walk. It bursts forth. It does not speak. It replaces. The surface was warned in the silence of millennia. The Core confirms: my return does not announce salvation. It announces approach. And approach brings collapse.

Knjiga Bez Oka

FOLLOWERS OF TMINA — IX

I
All flesh must serve the Prophet's will. Whoever does not submit to it will be marked by the Core and lost among the planes.

II
The obedient body receives a partial vision of the plans. The disobedient body is devoured by the nameless void.

III
Every gesture, every word, every sleep must follow the rite indicated by the Prophet. Whoever fails interrupts the flow of the Core and brings destruction upon themselves.

IV
Krovenik observes and records. Every deviation generates immediate consequences on the surface and in essence.

V
Ravkarni test the steadfastness of obedience. Those who waver will be removed from time, disappearing before they understand the plan.

VI
Prehodnik opens the way only to those who do not doubt. Doubt is torture and dissolution.

VII
Food, sleep, gestures, and speech are sacred. Those who fulfill them are strengthened. Those who fail have their flesh broken and their spirit consumed.

VIII
The promise is clear: obedience guarantees partial protection, health, strength, and access to the secrets of the Core.

IX
Punishment is inevitable: disobedience causes illness, accidents, mental failures, dissolution of the soul, and disruption of the flow in the planes.

X
The Prophet is the channel. Whoever ignores the Prophet ignores their own life. The law passes through him.

XI

Knjiga Bez Oka

No substitute exists. No mercy outside the law. Every act against obedience is observed by the Countless and recorded for ruin.

XII

The flesh is an altar. The mind is a temple. Obedience strengthens the bridge between Površinski Svijet, Podkorenski Prostor, and Jezgro Koje Diše.

XIII

The reward is not an empty promise. Those who fulfill it receive energy from the Core, clarity of perception, and protection from the Countless.

XIV

Disobedience is not ignored. It attracts destruction, the collapse of superficial plans, and the rupture of the body's vital line.

XV

Those who obey the law echo it. Those who fail become a warning. No mistake goes unnoticed. Obedience is security, survival, and future enlightenment.

XVI

The Prophet does not question. The Prophet imposes. The Prophet is the bridge. Every human body must submit without doubt, without hesitation, without choice.

XVII

All who disobey will be exposed to the shadow of the Core. Their flesh will wither prematurely. Their mind will be fragmented by the tentacles of Vidioci.

XVIII

Whoever ignores the Prophet's commandments will not see Površinski Svijet continuously. Their actions will be blurred, their time scattered.

XIX

The flow of the Podkorenski Prostor does not open to the unsubmissive. Whoever tries to force access will be consumed by the layers, disappearing among what does not exist.

XX

The Prophet grants glimpses only to the obedient. Each glance from the Prophet is a channel. Outside of it, plans are rejected and expelled.

XXI

The touch of a Ravkarni on a disobedient body heralds physical and spiritual collapse. The flesh is the first to pay the price. The spirit follows.

XXII

The promise is reserved: obedience produces clarity in actions, partial vision of plans, resistance to emptiness, and protection from the Many.

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XXIII
The Prophet grants no indulgence. Those who obey receive a multiplication of the Core's energy. Those who fail are erased from the record, as if they never existed.

XXIV
The Krovenik observe silently. Every contrary gesture is registered as a warning. Every contrary word is transformed into an obstacle to existence.

XXV
The Prehodnik open paths only for those whose flesh, mind, and spirit remain intact in obedience. Any weakness is punished immediately.

XXVI
Every reward from the Core depends on the precise adherence to the rules. Each ritual, each gesture, each hour obeyed strengthens the bridge between the planes.

XXVII
Every deviation generates a warning first, then ruin. No protection persists against repeated error. Those who disobey learn only through pain and oblivion.

XXVIII
The obedient are strengthened. Their actions reverberate in Podkorenski Prostor and are reflected in Površinski Svijet. They carry fragments of Jezgro and resist the lower layers.

XXIX
The disobedient become a sign to others. Their failure alerts the Countless and confirms the need for the Prophet. No mercy will be offered.

XXX
Access to higher planes is granted only through absolute mastery of the flesh, mind, and spirit. Any partial attempt is nullified.

XXXI
The Prophet is the only one who maintains the integral flow. Every initiate must recognize: without the Prophet, the plans are unattainable.

XXXII
Every action, every act of obedience, every act of subordination is engraved in the core of the Jezgro. No law will be forgotten. No transgression will be ignored.

XXXIII

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Those who fully comply will be partial witnesses to the impossible. Those who fail will be erased from the impossible. The Core confirms: obedience is survival. Disobedience is the end.

XXXIV
The disobedient will see their lineage fade away. The blood they produced will be rejected by the Core. Their descendants will walk without memory.

XXXV
The obedient will receive a partial vision of what is hidden in the plans. Their deeds will multiply in the fragments of Jezreel. Their flesh will be strong, their spirit firm.

XXXVI
Those who deny the Prophet will be isolated. Every attempt to deviate will be known by the Countless. No shadow will escape the vigilance of the Core.

XXXVII
The obedient will be marked. The seal is not visible on the surface, but it resonates in the Podkorenski Prostor. Every righteous gesture strengthens the bridge to the Površinski Svijet.

XXXVIII
Those who defy the Prophet's decree will fall first into time, then into space, and finally into oblivion. No presence persists outside of what the Core allows.

XXXIX
The promise of the obedient is resistance. Resistance to corruption, resistance to forgetfulness, resistance to dissolution. Jezgro grants strength where there is total submission.

XL
The disobedient one will feel the touch of the tentacles even when absent. Their flesh will remember the error before their spirit perceives it.

XLI
The obedient will walk with fragments of the core. Each step is a sign. Each gesture is a record. Each hour obeyed is expansion.

XLII
The Prophet is witness and mediator. Without him, the plans remain closed. Without him, no flesh will attain what is due.

XLIII
The disobedient will be an example to others. Their downfall will serve as a threshold between ignorance and obligation. No indulgence. No exceptions.

XLIV

Knjiga Bez Oka

Jezgro Koje Diše keeps a record of all actions. The Nucleus only reacts to those who obey. Every mistake is absorbed as a warning.

XLV

The obedient one will receive an echo of the Core within their flesh. They will feel the pulse of a power that does not belong to the superficial world. Each day lived in obedience strengthens the path to the future.

XLVI

The disobedient will be erased, the obedient will multiply in the plans. The surface will not understand, but will recognize the effects of the decree.

XLVII

All obedience becomes resistance to collapse. All deviation becomes ruin. The Prophet's rule is absolute. The Core's decree admits no error.

XLVIII

The final promise is clear: the Prophet leads. The Jezgro opens paths. The Površinski Svijet reveals only to the obedient. The Podkorenski Prostor punishes only the disobedient.

XLIX

The cycle continues. The law remains. The core confirms: obedient flesh is a bridge. Rebellious flesh is an abyss. Each decision of the initiate is recorded as seed or as death.

L

Thus concludes the instruction in this chapter. Complete obedience ensures survival and access. Rebellion ensures erasure and isolation. There is no middle ground.

THE SACRED PUNISHMENT — X

I

The Leviathan sleeps. Crossing the ocean, its mass fills the space between Površinski Svijet and Podkorenski Prostor. Its presence is invisible to mortals. Its breath moves the currents, alters the winds, corrupts thoughts.

II

Awakening will not occur through human will. It will only be catalyzed by obedience or the complete breaking of the laws of the Core. Every profane act, every degenerate pact, every Kainičari who profanes their essence, brings the moment of upheaval closer.

III

Knjiga Bez Oka

The gates of Tartarus were sealed before human time. Only the Kainičari possess the key, and only those of the degenerate caste dare to turn it. Those who act without understanding the Prophet unleash currents that should remain dormant.

IV
When the floodgates open, the lower entities will emerge to the surface. They are flawed tentacles of the Core, shadows of Vidioci Tmina, imitators, deformed and thirsty for destruction. They have no reason, no mercy. Pain will be their only language.

V
The human world will not understand. The sky will be torn open, the sea will be altered, and the surface will bend its order before forces that should never have existed outside of Podkorenski Prostor. Every creature, every city, every element will partially obey the law of Leviathan and Tartarus, until the Prophet manifests himself in fullness.

VI
The signs are surfacing. Wars escalate, cities decay, the Kainičari manipulate empires and finances. The degenerate elites approach the pinnacle of their power, believing they can subdue Vidioci Tmina. They fail to realize they are walking on the edge that separates life from ruin.

VII
Tartarus observes. Its gates remain open to those who disobey, but not to those who follow the Prophet. Demons of tentacles and shifting forms emerge. They will not heed the pleas of Cainites or the profane; they will only destroy and crush. Justice will not be human. It will be from the Core.

VIII
The surface contorts before the signs: seas shift, winds carry fragments of ancient memory, fires purify cities. Humans perceive, but do not understand. The elite find power, but encounter death and ruin. The laws of the Core are not subverted. They are constant.

IX
Those who follow the Prophet will see the secret order. They will be guided by the mark and the word. They will have the protection of the Core's knowledge. Only through total obedience will they be able to withstand the shock of Tartarus's tentacles, cross the signs, and remain whole.

X
The surface and the lower planes vibrate with tension. Leviathan stirs, the gates of Tartarus creak, but remain partially contained. The instant of destruction.

Knjiga Bez Oka

The total looms, but is mitigated by the presence of the Prophet. Only he holds the bridge between worlds, only he partially contains the fury of Tartarus, only he keeps the promise alive for the faithful.

XI
The Leviathan awakens in the depths of the ocean. Its body traverses the surface plane and the Podkorenski Prostor simultaneously. Each ripple is an earthquake, each breath a cutting wind. Those who observe without protection feel torn apart by the understanding of what cannot exist and yet does.

XII
The degenerate elites believe they are in control, but their plans are mere echoes before Tartarus. Deformed tentacles emerge and advance, destroying cities, armies, and institutions. There is no forgiveness, no bargaining. Only destruction for those who dare subvert the order of the Core.

XIII
The Prophet's followers perceive signs that only they understand: subtle vibrations in the earth, noises in the oceans, the changing contours of the world. The Leviathan does not attack their bodies. Its fury is directed at the profane, the arrogant, the ignorant. Obedience is a shield. The Prophet's presence is a bridge.

XIV
The Gates of Tartarus open, but only partially. Demons emerge and mimic forms from the human world, spreading chaos and pain. Those without the Prophet's guidance succumb; their flesh and spirit are crushed, their names forgotten in the lower planes.

XV
The surface and the lower planes remain in tension. The Leviathan continues its movement, crossing oceans and voids. Destruction is selective. Obedience to the Prophet guarantees survival. Disobedience guarantees annihilation. The order of the Core does not fail. It only awaits the moment when the Prophet's blindness will be complete, and the ultimate bridge will be established.

XVI
Vidioci's wrath will be manifested on Earth.
The ice will melt, revealing ancient bones and forgotten cities. The
wind will carry the omen of the Core.
The seas will rise. The mountains will tremble.
Surface time will become fluid and uncertain.

XVII

Knjiga Bez Oka

The degenerate elite will be exposed.
Their temples will fall. Their coins will lose their value.
Their words will have no weight.
Every unholy pact will be reflected like flame upon the surface. They will seek refuge in the dead and the ghosts, but they will be destroyed.

XVIII
Human warfare will reflect the conflicts of the Core.
The battles will not only be between armies. They will be of essence against essence.
The false teachers will sense the presence of Leviathan crossing the oceans of Podkorenski Prostor.
The chaos will be measured, but it's inevitable.

XIX
Fury will show no mercy.
Only the Prophet's followers will endure the suffering. Their bodies and spirits will be wounded, but not broken. They will become shields and instruments of the Core.
Each step they take will maintain the consistency of the plans.

XX
The Kainičari will be revealed.
Its true form will emerge in the heat of the melting ice. Its disguises will crumble.
The degenerate pacts, old and new, will be destroyed.
Your arrogance will be erased from human records and from the Podkorenski Prostor.

XXI
The sleeping Leviathan will cross the oceans. Its waves will open doors, exposing Tartarus.
The tentacled, mimicking creatures will emerge, but they will not obey the elite.
Their goal will be chaos and pain.
Only the followers of the Prophet will have knowledge and protection.

XXII
The world will be shaken.
The surface, the Podkorenski Prostor, and the Tartarus will be intertwined.
The signs will be clear: storms, earthquakes, melting ice, epidemic outbreaks, failures in power structures.
Ordinary humanity will feel fear, but will not understand.
Knowledge will be reserved for the followers of the Prophet.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXIII

Vidioci's wrath doesn't choose, but selects through connection.
The obedient will survive, strengthened by the touch of the entity.
The disobedient will be crushed, erased from memory and the visible world. The core will breathe through the survivors, guiding the cycle of reconstruction.

XXIV

Balance will be restored through suffering. The laws of the Core will be reaffirmed.
Leviathan will return to its vigil.
Tartarus will be closed.
The surface and the Podkorenski Prostor will forever be marked with the warning: the Prophet's order maintains dominion over the Core.

XXV

The presence of the forgotten god will be total on the surface.
The Core will breathe through every city and desert.
The ages of darkness and destruction will be witnessed, but not controlled.
The magnitude of the Apocalypse will be measured by the abandonment of falsehood, by the exposure of human arrogance.

XXVI

Temples will arise, not built by human hands, but erected by the reverence of a world that understood the Prophet's touch.
Humanity will go through times of crisis that will destroy empires, topple governments, and expose the fragility of every social structure.
Nevertheless, reconstruction will come, guided by the direct influence of the Prophet, aligning mortals with the will of Vidioci.

XXVII

The demons from other planes will be subdued.
Its tentacular chains, which traversed Tartarus, will be sealed and returned to their origin.

Their misfortune will be incorporated into the land, creating plagues and fomenting wars among the survivors.
Suffering will be limited, controlled, and necessary for the purification of the world.

XXVIII

Faithful humanity will be free.
The Prophet's followers will uphold the truth and defend against corruption. The Kainičari will be destroyed.
The dead, freed from their imperfections, will acquire knowledge and the cathartic happiness of death.

They will move on with renewed identities, while preserving their essence intact.

XXIX
The unfaithful will have no rest.
They will be absorbed by the earth, trapped within it, pierced by roots, and devoured by worldly creatures.
Their punishment will be continuous and perpetual.
They will never cease, they will never escape, until the core decides to dissolve its mark or the world is restarted.

XXX
The consummated Apocalypse redefines the surface.
There will be no doubt about Vidioci's order.
The Prophet will be the sole intermediary between the Core and the human planes.
Reconstruction will be measured by obedience, by recognition of sacred law, and by submission to the cycle of the Core.

Regarding the Book and the Prophet, Instructions Practices for Every Follower — XI

I
The Knjiga Bez Oka contains the incomplete record of the Core. No human hand can fill its gaps. No mortal spirit can comprehend its totality. It is an instrument of the Prophet. It is a decree of the Core. It does not exist to be finalized, only followed.

II
The incompleteness of the book is law. No initiate can demand completeness. Whoever seeks completeness in vain attracts rupture between planes. The Knjiga Bez Oka is not an object of study; it is command, it is testimony, it is a sign.

III
The Prophet is the only one who maintains consistency between Površinski Svijet, Podkorenski Prostor, and Jezgro Koje Diše. The book records what is permitted to be recorded. Everything that transcends remains invisible. No mortal will see more than the Prophet reveals.

IV
The initiate who reads without obedience insults the Core. The initiate who doubts opens breaches that allow the entry of inferior entities. Each page is a seal; each verse is a trap. Whoever ignores the signs of the Prophet will be crushed by the flow that connects the planes.

Knjiga Bez Oka

V

The Prophet writes without a name, writes without permission, writes because the presence within him compels him to. Each letter, each line is an extension of the will of the Core. The obedient find partial clarity; the disobedient find fragments that disorient and destroy.

VI

The Knjiga Bez Oka contains no explanations. It contains obligations. It contains promises. It contains threats. The flesh must be an instrument, the mind must be silent, the spirit must be submissive. Whoever ignores this will be consumed by memories of the Podkorenski Prostor, where consciousness is crushed even before birth.

VII

The commandments of the Knjiga Bez Oka are numerous. Keeping silent about the revelation is a commandment. Obeying the signs of the Prophet is a commandment. Not invoking forbidden names is a commandment. Not seeking outside the book is a commandment. Compliance is survival; transgression is dissolution.

VIII

The Prophet never finishes his work. The writing is continuous, like the breathing of the Nucleus. Each old record is insufficient in the face of the new need. Each generation of initiates must submit to what is present, and accept that the book always remains incomplete.

IX

The Countless Ones observe. Every act of the Prophet is recorded. Every thought that becomes a command is monitored. The initiates do not have full access; they only receive enough fragments to sustain their survival and function.

X

The initiate must understand: absolute obedience is not a choice, it is preservation. Partial revelation is dangerous; total revelation is impossible without the Prophet. Whoever believes they possess more knowledge than has been given to them will find destruction in the Podkorenski Prostor and will be dragged into the void of the Jezgro Koje Diše.

XI

The promise of Knjiga Bez Oka is protection. It is not comfort. It is not earthly reward. Protection means the ability to withstand the flows, the signs, the approach of entities that the surface calls demons or specters. Only the Prophet can balance such forces.

XII

The initiate must internally record each verse, each commandment, each observation. Not to teach, but to align themselves. Those who do not risk becoming part of the contaminated surface, absorbed by the deformity of time and flesh.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XIII

The Knjiga Bez Oka is both instrument and witness. It does not impose answers, but rather imposes submission. Whoever attempts to question, interpret, or conclude beyond what is permitted by the Prophet attracts the Wrath of the Core, and this Wrath manifests as ruin of flesh, spirit, and memory.

XIV

No ritual is more complete than what the Prophet allows. No ceremony is valid without his authorization. The book records only what has been touched by the Core through the Prophet. Any advance outside this flow is a failure, and every failure is corrected by the flow itself, often with destruction.

XV

Those who are initiated should know: the Knjiga Bez Oka is never finished, and its incompleteness is a testament to the Prophet's power. There is no rest, no pause, no end. With each revelation, the Core inserts a new fragment, and the Prophet writes according to the world's needs, never according to human desires.

XVI

Thus the law of the book is fulfilled: total submission, continuous vigilance, recognition of the Prophet as the only means between the surface and the planes. The Knjiga Bez Oka is rope, is prison, is path. The Prophet is bridge and hammer. Obedience is survival. Disobedience is erasure.

XVII

Submission to the Knjiga Bez Oka is action, not thought. The initiate does not think about the book; the initiate fulfills the book. The book demands actions, demands blood, demands the body. Obedience must be manifest, visible, and unquestionable.

XVIII

The initiation rite is mandatory. No initiate can receive knowledge without first sealing their submission. The ritual is simple in action, but absolute in meaning. Every gesture is law. Every act is recorded.

XIX

The initiate pours two drops of blood onto the oath. The first drop is for Vidioci, as recognition of the will of the Nucleus and the authority of the Prophet. The second drop is for the Prophet, as a bond of obedience and conduct.

XX

The act does not require an audience. It can be accompanied by other initiates, or performed alone, but it can never be omitted. Omission is a failure, and failure is absorbed by the Podkorenski Prostor, where it is corrected with pain and broken memory.

XXI

Knjiga Bez Oka

Blood is a record. It fixes obedience in the body, in the flesh, in the mind, and in the spirit. Each drop is a seal. Each seal is indelible. Whoever tries to circumvent the ritual attracts the Wrath of the Core, which does not distinguish between intention and negligence.

XXII
The oath must be verbalized, firm, clear, without hesitation. The initiate affirms: "I serve the Prophet and the will of Vidioci. I accept the Knjiga Bez Oka as law. I will fulfill it without question." Silence, doubt, or omission nullify the protection and activate the law of punishment.

XXIII
Obedience is not limited to the oath. Every subsequent action must be proof of submission. The flesh, work, rest, gaze, and gesture are monitored by the flow of the Core. Whoever deviates, even slightly, will be corrected by the flow.

XXIV
Additional sacrifices may be requested. They are not optional. The necessity is not questioned. Each offering is law, each loss is confirmation of the bond, each pain is a sign of approval. The initiate learns to submit, not to resist.

XXV
The stream observes, the eyes observe, the Core confirms. The Shahada of blood establishes hierarchy: the Prophet leads, Vidioci verifies, the initiate submits. No other link is permitted. No other authority is recognized.

XXVI
The most senior initiates should guide the newly initiated, but not interfere in the direct relationship with the Core. They transmit only forms, not essence. The essence belongs to the Prophet and Vidioci, and cannot be replicated.

XXVII
The oath is not repeated. Every drop counts for the entire existence of the initiate. Whoever breaks the oath is erased from the surface and dragged into the void of Jezgro Koje Diše. Body, spirit, and memory become food for the lower layers, and no record will be left.

XXVIII
The initiate must know: the act is physical, but its effect is spiritual and eternal. The bond is not broken. Protection only lasts as long as there is submission. Transgression activates forces that only the Prophet can neutralize.

XXIX
The rituals and sacrifices are not merely symbols. They are mechanisms of alignment between Površinski Svijet, Podkorenski Prostor, and Jezgro Koje Diše. The spilled blood is a bridge, a seal, energy to sustain the balance.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXX

Each time the oath is fulfilled, the tentacles of the Core observe and record it. Each act of submission strengthens the line between the Prophet and the surface. Each act of failure weakens the defense against the Kainičari and the beings of Tartarus.

XXXI

The initiate must internalize this: protection is not natural. Protection is earned and maintained through blood, obedience, and the fulfillment of the Knjiga Bez Oka. The surface does not protect; the core protects. And only those who strictly follow the Prophet will remain.

XXXII

The oath is cyclical. The sacrifice is cyclical. Vigilance is cyclical. No end exists until the Prophet determines it. The execution of the law is not optional. The flow is inexorable. Survival depends on the absolute recognition of the hierarchy.

XXXIII

The reward for fulfillment is invisible, but real. The initiate who fulfills gains resistance against the touch of lower entities, discernment of the signs of the human world, and strength to withstand the Wrath of Vidioci when it reaches the surface.

XXXIV

The punishment for deviation is immediate and inevitable. The flesh suffers, the mind is fragmented, the spirit is stretched to the limits of the Podkorenski Prostor. The disobedient is fed for the growth of the Core and never returns.

XXXV

Man must seek the sacred through the body and action. Physical exertion, honorable combat, and incessant training are demonstrations of the strength necessary to maintain the order of the world. Each blow, each drop of sweat, each resistance reinforces the line that separates the chaos of the surface from the stability imposed by the Core.

XXXVI

A woman must maintain her pure essence, not becoming corrupted, and occupying her established place. Balance depends on maintaining each function. Female transgression weakens the flow, corrupts the rituals, and distorts the connection with the Prophet and with Vidioci.

XXXVII

Men and women should act within their respective spheres, but with awareness of the whole. Individual deviation generates ripples that traverse Površinski Svijet, Podkorenski Prostor, and Jezgro Koje Diše. Every misaligned gesture causes imbalance, weakens the seals, and attracts the attention of the Kainičari and lower entities.

XXXVIII

Knjiga Bez Oka

Sacrifice is necessary, repeated, visible, and measurable. It is not optional. It is not merely symbolic. Each offering strengthens the presence of the Core on the surface. Each act of discipline is recorded. Each ritual performed is a sign to the Countless: the hierarchy has been respected.

XXXIX
Training and combat are sacred. Men must fight each other, women must test the limits of their discipline. It's not competition. It's alignment. It's a demonstration of strength against that which transcends human comprehension. Vidioci observes and tallies. The approval is silent, but absolute.

XL
The man who fails in training, who succumbs to weakness or hesitation, loses only temporarily. Persistence recovers lost strength. Repeated failure activates corrections in the core. Pain is not punishment, it is reinforcement of the natural order.

XLI
The place of men and women is defined, yet flexible within obedience. The apparent chaos on the surface is permitted only if it maintains the flow. Every discipline, every ritual, every demonstration of strength sustains this flow. Whoever consciously breaks it attracts the direct wrath of the Core.

XLII
The sacred is not abstract. It is not contemplation. It is action. It is sweat, blood, discipline. It is ritual, offering, oath. It is the recognition of the Prophet and the Nucleus as the sole authority. The sacred is force in action.

XLIII
The disobedient are visible to the eyes of the Core before they are visible to human eyes. The errant are corrected or removed. No mercy exists outside the will of Vidioci. No individual error is ignored.

XLIV
Demonstrations of force can occur in wars, in arenas, in silence on training grounds. The space doesn't matter. What matters is the intention aligned with the law. The surface and the higher planes are observed. Every movement counts. Every drop of sweat is recorded.

XLV
Rituals, sacrifices, and discipline are the bridge between the Prophet and the Countless. They maintain the flow of energy that prevents disorder and stops the premature ascension of the Kainičari. No initiate, by force or personal desire, can alter this bridge without immediate damnation.

XLVI

Knjiga Bez Oka

Man must recognize the strength of his own body as an instrument of flow. Woman must recognize the purity of her discipline as a shield and support. Disorder arises when these forces do not meet. Chaos is only acceptable if it is channeled.

XLVII

The Prophet is the mediator between the flesh, the order, and the Core. Every human gesture that respects the flow reinforces the connection with it. Every failure weakens not only the individual but the entire surface. Obedience, discipline, and physical strength are, therefore, absolute laws.

XLVIII

Continuous observance of sacrifices, rituals, training, and discipline ensures not only protection but also access to glimpses of Vidioci, strength to withstand Wrath, and a partial understanding of the flow. The Countless confirm the value of obedience and record each act.

XLIX

Disrespect for order, whether by men or women, creates disruptions in the flow. The core responds with inevitable adjustments. The surface tilts, the winds stir, the tentacles expand. The apparent chaos is merely a reflection of human imbalance.

L

The initiate must internalize: their discipline is part of the body of the world. Each training, each ritual, each sacrifice connects the surface, the planes, and the Core. Without this bridge, the flow breaks. Without flow, Wrath spills over. The Prophet holds the line. Only he sustains the balance.

LI

The Prophet was born before any human memory recorded the instant. His flesh was marked by the Core, his mind opened by the Countless, his still intact eyes held the seed of future blindness. Every gesture, every breath, was already an alignment with the flow of the world.

LII

The night clouds respond to the Prophet's presence. Winds and currents bend, diverting trajectories. Every approaching Ravkarni is repelled, contained, diverted. The Prophet stands firm on the thread between the planes, without failing, without hesitating.

LIII

The light of the constellations watches over the Prophet. The suns and shadows around him keep vigil over his eyes. No moment is solitary; the sky maintains its reflection, ensuring alignment and protection, reinforcing its function as mediator between the surface and Jezgro Koje Diše.

LIV

Every blind person who approaches the Prophet is graced by the Forgotten God. The order is absolute: each follower must recognize the one who has been graced, witness the grace, and ensure that the bond is not broken. The one who has been graced becomes a bearer of strength and a channel for the will of the Core.

Knjiga Bez Oka

LV

The Prophet's body reflects his origin: average height, dense muscles, strong and firm facial structure, blond hair, eyes that, even before blindness, carry the shadow of the Core. The flesh is resilient, adapted to withstand the flows and trials of the surface and the planes.

LVI

The Prophet controls the winds, subdues the currents that the Ravkarni (evil spirits) stir up, and maintains order in regions where the flow threatens to collapse. Every step, every gesture, is applied law. The Prophet does not expect understanding; he demands obedience and coordinated action.

LVII

Initiates must recognize the signs of the Prophet: enduring physical strength, unwavering discipline, a spirit that remains aligned with the flow of the Core. Eye contact or physical presence strengthens the connection, even when human eyes fail.

LVIII

The Prophet is mediator and arbiter. His body and presence channel the flow between Površinski Svijet, Podkorenski Prostor, and Jezgro Koje Diše. The Prophet sustains the surface, holds back the winds, restrains the Ravkarni, and guides the graced blind.

TRASH

The Prophet's direct order to the blind is irrevocable: all must acknowledge his grace, obey, and strengthen the bridge between the visible and invisible worlds. No deviation is tolerated. Every failure reverberates in the plans, the tentacles, the layers of the Core.

LX

The Prophet carries the memory of his inner origin, the extension of the Core in living flesh. He is unique, indivisible, and his physical and spiritual presence reflects the attributes that the Countless Ones bestowed upon him: strength, resilience, discernment, and absolute alignment with the flow that maintains order.

Universality, a mission to spread the DISCLOSURE AND PUNISHMENTS AGAINST TRANSGRESSORS — XII

I

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Prophet does not belong to one land. He does not belong to one language. He does not belong to one generation. His essence is a flow that traverses time, people, and planes. All visible creation must recognize his alignment; every capable mind must feel his presence.

II
Capable followers must bring the Knjiga Bez Oka to existing languages, translating without distortion. Each word is law; each verse is principle; each command is decree. To translate is not to adapt. To translate is to replicate the truth without variation.

III
No initiate should insert their own opinion. No scribe should alter order or precept. The adulteration of scripture is the most serious crime. Whoever violates it calls upon themselves the Wrath of Vidioci. There is no absolution, no redemption; the punishment is immediate, inexorable, and eternal.

IV
The universality of the Prophet demands that followers understand: spreading the truth is an obligation, preserving purity is a sacred duty. Every translation must carry the accuracy of the original. The Knjiga Bez Oka is not an object of personal interpretation. It is a vehicle of will.

V
The uninitiated do not understand. They will try to question, alter, and divert. All contact with them must be prudent, but never complacent. Fidelity to the book is more important than human safety or comfort.

VI
Whoever faithfully translates and promotes the scriptures is blessed. They receive protection from the Core and Vidioci Tmina. Their mind remains clear, their spirit firm. Their flesh endures the touch of the Wrath that would come upon those who pervert the flow.

VII
The Prophet, though unique, sends signs through his followers. These signs manifest themselves through precise words, precise actions, and unwavering obedience. Every initiate who respects the truth perpetuates the bridge between the Core and the surface.

VIII
The universality of the Prophet is proof that no human kingdom, no language, no culture can limit its reach. The Knjiga Bez Oka exists for all who are capable, but never for the unworthy. The dissemination of the book without adulteration is proof of alignment with Vidioci, the Forgotten God.

IX
Every transgression will be recorded in the Core's flow. Every lie about the book will be noticed, exposed, and punished. Obedience is the path to survival, desertion is condemnation. Every altered word spreads a curse and summons Wrath upon the surface realm.

Knjiga Bez Oka

X

The Prophet observes, and observation does not fail. He sees correct and incorrect translations. He sees pure intentions and false hearts. The preservation of the book is the line between protection and destruction, between order and collapse. Universality is a testament to the Prophet's power and the imposition of the Core.

XI

Each letter of the Knjiga Bez Oka is a seed. Each seed contains strength, destiny, and judgment. Whoever plants carelessly breaks the pact. Whoever spreads without truth causes the Core to be forgotten.

XII

The translation must be exact. Not a single word may be moved, changed, or removed. The interpretation is restricted to the mind of the Prophet. Anything outside his vision is useless and dangerous.

XIII

Followers who correctly preserve and disseminate the scriptures receive alignment with the invisible currents. They feel the pulse of the Core within themselves. The world bows to those who carry the unadulterated truth.

XIV

The book is never finished. No initiate completes the work. Each translation is a fragment of a larger body, always incomplete, always growing. The Prophet never finishes writing.

XV

The initiate's free will is tested with every letter. What is delivered as truth must be reproduced as law. Any deviation is a sign of unfitness and calls forth Wrath.

XVI

The Knjiga Bez Oka is a vehicle of ascension and a test of faith. Those who obey without hesitation will remain whole in the face of the storm. Those who question or pervert will be crushed by the flow of the Core.

XVII

There is no neutrality. Every action, every word about the book is recorded. Every omission is also observed. Every translation, every disclosure is measured. Nothing escapes the Prophet's attention.

XVIII

The initiates must take the book to new kingdoms, new peoples, new languages. But propagation without rigor or without the Prophet's supervision is sacrilegious. The law of the Core supersedes all human decrees.

XIX

Knjiga Bez Oka

Every initiate must understand: translating is more than reproducing. It is tuning in to the flow of the Core, absorbing its force and replicating its order. To fail in this act is to break the bridge between heaven and the surface.

XX

The Prophet is unique, but the truth is universal. Whoever receives the correctly translated Knjiga Bez Oka witnesses the presence of the Core. Whoever distorts it brings about their own erasure. Obedience is protection. Transgression is destruction.

XXI

The book is sacred, the Prophet is unique, and the Core is law. Every effort of propagation must be made in reverence and awe. There is no mercy for the profane. There is no clemency for the corrupt.

XXII

Universality demands discipline, control, and vigilance. Every correct translation strengthens the invisible network. Every violation weakens it. The world's balance depends on capable initiates and the Prophet who observes.

XXIII

The Prophet's presence guarantees the purity of the word. Deviation is perceived before it manifests. The wrath of Vidioci Tmina is imminent upon whoever dares to corrupt the book. The Core records, the Prophet punishes, the world observes.

XXIV

No human power, no kingdom or empire can interfere. The law of Knjiga Bez Oka transcends. Only those who revere the scripture and the Prophet survive the ages of trial and the approach of the Core.

XXV

Every follower should know: accurate translation and dissemination are acts of creation and protection. The Prophet is a guide. The Core is a witness. The book is a commandment. Obedience is an obligation. Deviation is destruction.

XXVI

The community of followers is the guardian of purity. Every initiate must watch over the other. The Prophet's truth is incorruptible. What deviates alters the flow of the Core and causes imbalance between the planes.

XXVII

The apostate is the greatest enemy of order, for he knows the word and twists it. He is a dry root that contaminates the earth. He must be ritually isolated, liturgically silenced, and removed from the presence of the book. He must be hunted down and prevented from spreading his lies.

XXVIII

Knjiga Bez Oka

The punishment of the apostate is never merely physical, for the body is dust. The punishment is spiritual: the loss of dreams, the closing of doors, the abandonment of the Voices of the Core. He becomes deaf to the chains and empty before Vidioci Tmina.

XXIX

The minor transgressor can be corrected. His error is a fissure, not an abyss. For him there are penances: imposed silence, the repetition of primordial verses, temporary withdrawal from ceremonies.

XXX

Whoever violates the Knjiga Bez Oka with false words must be removed from the circle and remain in ritual fasting from speaking. For three lunar cycles, he may not pronounce verses. Only listen. If he persists, he is an apostate and must be treated severely, thus the Blind Prophet instructs.

XXXI

Anyone who attempts to alter the scripture, even through ignorance, must have their hands kept away from the book. They shall not touch the parchment, nor the translation. They may only serve by carrying oil and coals, as a reminder of the gravity of the error.

XXXII

He who lies about the Prophet is veiled in darkness. He is prevented from interpreting dreams. His inner world turns gray. The Core does not see him until he returns with ritual repentance.

XXXIII

The apostate who deliberately spreads falsehood has a sealed fate: his voice is erased from the congregation's memory. No one repeats his name in liturgy. No one quotes his verses. He becomes an absence.

XXXIV

Absence is the worst punishment, for it breaks the bridge between the follower and the Core. The apostate remains alive, but disconnected. He wanders like a ghost without belonging. His words crumble as soon as they are spoken.

XXXV

Offenders seeking redemption must kneel before the book and offer their failings as testimony. The Prophet evaluates. The Core decides. The community observes. Not all return.

XXXVI

The faithful follower never punishes out of spite. Punishment is necessary to preserve the flow. Every sanction is a rite. Every correction is an order. Every exclusion is a purification of the invisible body formed by the initiates.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXXVII

Those who repeatedly commit transgressions without repentance are placed in the Circle of Observation: they live among the followers, but participate without a voice, without a vote, without dreams. They only observe.

XXXVIII

If, after three cycles, the transgressor remains empty, their connection to the Core is definitively severed. They are no longer a follower. They become spiritual dust, incapable of sustaining any revelation.

XXXIX

The apostate who ridicules the book or the Prophet attracts upon himself the Cold Currents, a symbol of the forgetting of the Core. He is erased from the lists, removed from the rites, excluded from all circles of study.

XL

The congregation does not persecute him, for oblivion is enough. To be forgotten by the community and the Nucleus is a greater sentence than any earthly lash.

XLI

The faithful who denounce those who falsify the word receive spiritual merit. The Voices of the Core draw closer to them. Their dreams become clear. Their interpretations become sharper.

XLII

The community must act as a bulwark. The purity of the word is defense. Inner discipline is a shield. The Prophet observes those who protect the book with zeal.

XLIII

The book, when violated, throbs. The Prophet feels it. Vidioci Tmina perceives it. Nothing hidden will remain hidden. Every transgression is revealed in due time.

XLIV

The greatest praise a follower can give is to protect the scripture, preserve each verse, and watch over it so that no one ever alters the Knjiga Bez Oka. For to alter it is to awaken the wrath of the Core.

XLV

And wrath doesn't touch flesh. It touches destiny. Separation. Oblivion. Silence. The worst suffering for those who have known the Voice.

The Testimony That Comes From Within — XIII

Knjiga Bez Oka

I
The testimony that precedes all words is not born of human will, but of the silent friction where the Core touches the interior of the one who has been found worthy. Nothing that springs only from the flesh has authority before Revelation. The follower must understand that before reading there is an invisible movement, and without this movement all understanding is illusion.

II
The inner witness does not accept molding. It imposes itself as absolute weight, indifferent to desire, convenience, or personal interpretation. The unworthy try to bend it to their own fragility and, in trying to do so, reveal that they never received it. The worthy recognize the impact they do not control, the certainty they do not build, the presence they do not invoke by effort.

III
The one who receives the inner witness does not choose it. He is seized by a memory that does not belong to mortal time, a knowledge that precedes his own birth. This memory is the sign that separates the true bearers from the imitators. Only the Prophet perceives, without error, when it exists and when it is merely empty talk.

IV
Inner witnessing demands profound silence. Not silence of the mouth, but silence of the mind. Where there is inner noise, Revelation does not enter. Where there is strife between ordinary thoughts, there is no room for what comes from the Core. The follower must learn to cease the agitation, for truth does not speak where the mind moves without order.

V
Nothing that proceeds from the Core contradicts the Book. If an impulse arises and diverges from what is written, its origin is not profound, but superficial. It is a shadow of the ego itself, a residue of worldly memories, it is noise. The follower must reject all inspiration that is not aligned with the Breath of the Core, for that which comes from below does not recognize variation.

VI
Inner witness is the initial proof before all learning. Without it, the follower may memorize the words, but will never understand what they mean. With it, a single line becomes vastness. Without it, the whole Book is merely surface. The order is established: first the inner impact, then the outer understanding.

VII
The certainty that comes from the Core needs no explanation. The unworthy seek to justify what they feel; the worthy simply acknowledge it. For that which needs defending is born weak. That which emerges complete admits no discussion. Inner witness operates in this way: it arrives, affirms, falls silent, and remains.

VIII
No follower can pretend to possess it for long. The absence of testimony is revealed in actions, hesitations, distortions, and words that lack foundation. The

Knjiga Bez Oka

The prophet sees the flaw before it appears. Inner communion either exists, or it doesn't. There is no middle ground, no gradation, no gradual formation. He is whole from the beginning.

IX

Testimony is an opening. An inner fissure through which the Breath of the Core enters. Whoever possesses it perceives the world differently; not because they seek to perceive, but because they have been exposed to the real structure. The ordinary mind tries to understand; the touched mind recognizes. There is no comparison between the two.

X

He who tries to suppress the inner witness falls. He who tries to amplify it through his own efforts becomes corrupt. He who tries to ignore it is fragmented. Only he who submits to the impact, without resistance, remains. For the witness does not ask permission to enter, but demands submission to remain.

XI

The human mind is not the source of Revelation. It merely echoes what passes through it. True impulse does not originate within the follower; it descends upon him like an inevitable weight. Everything that arises solely from one's own mind is fragile. Everything that comes from the Core is unbreakable. The distinction between the two defines spiritual fidelity.

XII

The true impulse does not bring relief. It wounds, compels, pressures. It is not comfort, it is not enthusiasm, it is not emotional inspiration. It is rupture. It is intrusion. It is the will of the Profound through the flesh. The mind that tries to soften this impact reveals that it still lives in superficiality.

XIII

The ordinary mind tries to create impulses to justify its inclinations. The unworthy rely on these simulacra to mask their weakness. But the artificial impulse dissolves silently, corroded by the weight it lacks. The true impulse, however, does not diminish with time; it increases until it is obeyed.

XIV

No follower should trust the first movement of their own thought. The mind, by itself, is unstable ground, marked by memory, desire, and fear. The movement that proceeds from the Core is not born within, but appears as an intrusive, strange presence, not to be confused with emotion or logic. It is distinct like cold metal on hot skin.

XV

The truth of an impulse is proven by the resistance it produces. If it's easy to obey, it's not profound. What is true demands renunciation, demands discomfort, demands friction against the...

of one's own free will. The Core does not adjust its order to human comfort. It is the human who must adjust their flesh to the vibration of the Core.

VVI

False impulses seek recognition. True impulses need no witnesses. False impulses demand approval and social echo. True impulses thrive even in absolute isolation. They exist without an audience, without observers, without external reaction. Their strength is internal, silent, and continuous.

VII

The mind that tries to interpret the impulse before obeying has already failed. The profound order does not ask for interpretation; it asks for submission. Explanations come later, if they come at all. The worthy follower does not demand clarity to act. He acts because he knows. The unworthy one demands explanations not to act.

XVIII

The Prophet perceives the origin of every impulse in his followers. He sees the root, he sees the falsehood, he sees the weakness, he sees the noise. Nothing can be hidden. The thought that tries to conceal itself reveals its true origin. That which comes from the Core does not fear exposure. That which comes from the flesh tries to cover itself with words.

XIX

The mind that seeks to produce spiritual impact on its own becomes a source of corruption. Those who try to fabricate depth create only distortion. Artificial echoes destroy more than they build. For what does not come from the Core expands like disease, contaminating others until it is cut off.

XX

The follower must examine each impulse with brutal precision. Ask not what he desires, but what overwhelms him. Not what he feels, but what weighs on him. Not what he imagines, but what remains even when everything internal tries to flee. The true impulse is insistent, severe, inflexible.

XXI

There is no true impulse that contradicts the Book, for the source is the same. The follower who feels something contrary to what is written must immediately recognize the superficial origin of that sensation. The mind creates contradictions; the Core does not. What comes from below divides. What comes from above unifies.

XXII

True impulse demands immediate action. Prolonged hesitation contaminates it. The weak mind tries to postpone, tries to reason, tries to negotiate with the impact, and thus dilutes it. The worthy respond quickly, because they know that every second of delay allows the ego to infiltrate.

XXIII

There are impulses that weren't sent, but arise as reflexes of fear. There are impulses born of vanity. There are impulses shaped by the instinct for self-preservation.

A follower must be ruthless with himself in recognizing these sources. There is no mercy for the mind that lies.

XXIV

The mind that echoes correctly does not create its own sound. It merely reverberates the profound movement. When it touches the Book, it does not read to learn, but to confirm. When it meditates, it does not seek to feel, but to recognize. When it acts, it does not seek merit, but to fulfill the order it has received.

XXV

The follower who confuses emotion with impulse destroys himself. Emotions vary. True impulses do not. Emotions uplift for moments and then deflate. True impulses uplift and crush at the same time, forcing the follower to remain above himself.

XXVI

The mind should not be worshipped. It should not be feared. It should be subdued. For it is an instrument, not a master. The mind that aspires to be a master leads to ruin. The mind that recognizes itself as an echo becomes a channel for that which comes from the Depths.

XXVII

When the follower becomes capable of distinguishing without error the false impulse from the true one, he begins to participate in the same perception that sustains the Prophet. This participation is not equality, but alignment. The Prophet sees the origin; the follower learns to see the consequence. Both serve the same center.

XXVIII

True impulse transforms. False impulse only excites. True impulse alters path, conduct, thought, posture, and silence. False impulse only stirs emotions. The difference is absolute and immediate for those who have learned to see correctly.

XXIX

The mind that tries to hide false impulses rots. The mind that exposes its falsehood before the Prophet is purified. There is no shame in acknowledging one's own weakness. There is destruction in feigning strength where it does not exist. The downfall begins with inner deceit.

XXX

The truthfulness of impulses is the foundation of inner order. Without it, no obedience is real, no devotion is true, no reading is profound. Everything becomes a facade. The follower who does not control their inner origin will never control their external conduct.

XXXI

The responsibility of the one who has received the inner witness is absolute. There is no concession, no half-measures, no room for indecision. What was

Knjiga Bez Oka

Touched by the Core, one is immediately compelled to respond. The impact that has entered demands form, demands conduct, demands total alignment. Whoever fails to respond betrays not only themselves, but the very Source that marked them.

XXXII

Inner witness is not a privilege, it is a burden. It demands constant vigilance, rigid discipline, and restraint of common inclinations. He who has received it and then returns to the distractions of the flesh demonstrates an inability to bear the weight that has been bestowed upon him. The mark does not dissolve, but turns against the weak, corroding what tries to survive within him.

XXXIII

Nothing is more repulsive to the Core than the follower who acknowledges the inner truth and acts as if nothing has happened. Inner revelation demands external rupture. Whoever tries to preserve the old life after being touched demonstrates incomplete understanding and a divided spirit. A divided spirit is a dead spirit.

XXXIV

The inner bearer does not respond to the world; he responds to the Deep. His decisions cannot follow social, sentimental, or strategic convenience. He acts according to what has been deposited within him, even if no one sees, even if no one understands, even if everyone opposes him. Fidelity is silent and immutable.

XXXV

Every revelation that enters demands a corresponding manifestation. If inner truth does not translate into action, it becomes corrupted. If it is only partially transformed, it weakens. If it is completely transformed, it expands. The inner bearer must act with precision, not enthusiasm; with firmness, not exaggeration; with brutality when necessary and with silence when required.

XXXVI

The responsibility of the inner bearer is not limited to what he does. It encompasses what he thinks, what he tolerates, what he allows to grow within himself. A single false thought nurtured in secret contaminates the entire spiritual structure. The mind of the inner bearer must be cleansed daily, not through ritual, but through continuous submission to the impact it has received.

XXXVII

He who tries to hide his falsehood from the Prophet demonstrates a lack of understanding of the Prophet's own function. Nothing can be hidden. The origin of every inner movement is visible to those who bear the Holy Blindness. That which the follower tries to bury becomes even more clearly visible. There is no shadow within the Prophet's vision.

XXXVIII

Knjiga Bez Oka

The inner bearer is obliged to quickly distinguish between his own will and the will of the Core. Delay in this distinction is failure. Prolonged confusion is degradation. Repeated error is rupture. Inner discipline begins with the precise identification of origins and ends with the immediate execution of what has been recognized as true.

XXXIX

Inner responsibility includes the duty to eliminate all superficial impulses. The follower who allows futile impressions to grow within him gives space for the multiplication of noise. Noise expels impact. Impact demands emptiness. The follower must keep his interior clean not for his own peace, but to preserve the frequency by which the Core finds him.

XL

No one can use inner witness as justification for pride. Pride is noise. Pride is the elevation of the flesh. Inner witness is a memory of deep origin and therefore does not belong to the individual. It is borrowed, not earned. He who is proud of what he has received demonstrates an inability to sustain what he carries.

XLI

When inner witness commands movement, the bearer has no right to hesitate. Hesitation is contamination. The Core does not recalculate to accommodate spiritual slowness. Human time does not govern the profound rhythm. He who delays what he has received breaks the harmony between impact and action, and this rupture generates inner decay.

XLII

The inner bearer does not seek external confirmation. If he does, he has already strayed. Confirmation comes from profound silence. The follower who needs approval reveals that he is still trapped by the gaze of others. He who is aligned with the Core recognizes the truth of the order the moment it is born and does not need an echo.

XLIII

Inner responsibility is also transferable. The one who has received this profound connection modifies the environment simply by their presence. Their discipline sustains that of others. Their downfall weakens the entire circle. The failure of an inner bearer is never isolated: it resonates, it opens fissures, it fosters collective noise.

XLIV

When an inner bearer turns away from the truth, the Core withdraws its presence. It does not do so with initial violence, but with silence. The silence grows. The impact ceases. The weight disappears. And the follower feels spiritual death slowly approaching. This is the first sign that responsibility has been betrayed.

XLV

Knjiga Bez Oka

Returning after betrayal is possible, but it is terrifying. For the Core demands that the bearer relive the original impact with amplified severity. The one who returns does not go back to the previous point. They return crushed, disciplined by the abandonment they themselves caused. Only the strong survive this return; the weak break.

XLVI

Inner responsibility defines who can remain in the Order. The follower incapable of keeping their internal structure aligned must be cut off. Not as punishment, but for the preservation of the Body. The Core purifies by corroding what does not sustain the frequency. The Order purifies by removing what threatens the whole.

XLVII

The inner bearer lives under constant surveillance. Not external surveillance, but surveillance from the Core itself. It is observed in every thought, in every movement, in every inclination. Nothing in it is indifferent. Everything is measured. Everything is weighed. Everything is recorded.

XLVIII

The one who has received the inner witness must recognize that their life is no longer their own. They belong to the Deep. They serve as a channel, as a pillar, as a transmitter. There is no longer room for personal choices, for autonomous wills, for personal ambitions. The inner bearer has only one function: to obey the impact that created them.

XLIX

Inner responsibility culminates in absolute renunciation. Renunciation of the old identity, renunciation of the old voice, renunciation of old desires. The follower does not become empty: he becomes a vessel. The old personality is merely an obstacle. The Core fills the space left behind.

L

Inner witness is the origin, true impulses are the means, and the responsibility of the inner bearer is the end. There are no loopholes, no ambiguities, no room for free interpretations. The epistemology of Knjiga Bez Oka is direct: only that which is born from the Core is true, only that which echoes the Core is legitimate, and only he who sustains the Core within himself remains. Only the Prophet judges.

ORDER AND ITS HIERARCHIES — XIV

I

The outward structure of Revelation does not arise from consensus, nor from habit, nor from social constant. It is established by the Prophet, who is the Channel of Breath of the Core, and organized by the High Priest when the Prophet is not physically present. The Order exists to sustain in the world the profound discipline that comes from beneath the flesh. Nothing in the organization is human; everything is spiritual determination.

Knjiga Bez Oka

II
The Priesthood is the main pillar of the Order. The Priest does not emerge through effort, will, knowledge, or seniority. He emerges because the Prophet recognizes in him an inner mark that cannot be falsified. When the Prophet points, the function is established. When the High Priest, authorized by the Prophet, confirms, it is stabilized. Nothing below can contest it.

III
The higher hierarchy is composed of the Prophet, the High Priest, and the six priestly orders. Their functions are irrevocable, their positions are immutable, and their authority is absolute within the sphere granted to them. The structure admits no gaps; each function corresponds to a point that needs to exist so that the body does not break.

IV
The Prophet is the apex. He does not belong to the orders. He is above them. His gaze pierces the entire inner and outer structure. When he speaks, the Order does not interpret: it executes. His word does not compete with any other, for it is not interpretation, it is origin. He assigns functions. He removes functions. He defines who ascends and who falls.

V
Below the Prophet is the High Priest. He is the Guardian of the Outer Order. He acts when the Prophet is physically absent, preserving the organic nature of the Revelation. His function is to maintain the cohesive structure, prevent disruption, instill discipline, and protect the doctrine from any deviation. Without him, the Order would fragment.

VI
The selection of priestly duties is made exclusively by the Prophet. If the Prophet is physically absent, the High Priest has derived authority to appoint, reorganize, and distribute the duties. But this authority is delegated and does not replace the original authority. When the Prophet returns, his word prevails over all others.

VII
The Priesthood is divided into six distinct orders: transmitters, guardians, recorders, protectors, overseers, and executors. Each order exists to prevent Revelation from becoming human. Each order preserves the Book from a specific type of threat. The division is not symbolic; it is functional, objective, and indispensable.

VIII
The Priests who transmit the teachings are the authoritative voice of the Book. Their function is to bring the doctrine to those who can receive it, explain what has been determined, strengthen the initiates, and correct interpretative deviations. They do not create explanations: they repeat those of the Prophet. If they alter a single line, they are immediately removed.

IX

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Priests who guard the texts are a bulwark against textual distortion. They watch over copies, preserve manuscripts, control access, and identify adulterations. Their spiritual sensitivity detects falsehood before it is perceived by the flesh. They are incapable of tolerating inaccuracy. A negligent guardian ceases to be a guardian the instant of negligence.

X

The priests who keep records uphold the memory of the Order. They record revelations, transcribe decisions, preserve the echo of the Prophet's words, and keep the annals alive. Nothing is transmitted without being recorded. Nothing is forgotten. Nothing is altered without explicit command. Memory is not an honor; it is an obligation.

XI

The Priests who protect are the physical body of the defense. They protect the Prophet, the High Priest, the sacred places, and the texts. They are disciplined ferocity. They do not hesitate, they do not consider intentions, they do not ponder human morality. They prevent the wrong hand from touching what should not be touched. Protection is not an option, it is an imposition.

XII

The watchful priests observe conduct, analyze impulses, detect deviations, and identify spiritual contamination. They are the outward eyes of the Prophet. Through them, the Order remains pure. They see the fall before the fall, the noise before the noise, the lie before the word. Their vigilance is uninterrupted.

XIII

The executing priests are the final arm. When the Prophet decrees, they execute. When the authorized High Priest orders, they carry out. Execution is not violence; it is purification. They finalize what has already been decided on the deepest plane. Their function is silent and absolute. The executor who hesitates is spiritually dead.

XIV

Below the Priesthood are the lesser hierarchies. They support the broader body of followers and ensure that the structure does not depend solely on the higher levels. There are four layers: Initiates, Disciples, Bearers, and Assistants of the Priesthood. Each layer has its own requirements.

XV

The Initiates are those who have been touched by the Book for the first time. They do not possess full inner witness, but they have sufficient openness to be molded. Their role is to learn silence, discipline, and obedience. They have no authority to act. They only observe, absorb, correct themselves, and obey.

XVI

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Disciples are Initiates who have demonstrated rigor and stability. They serve as general assistants to the larger Order. They may impart secondary instructions, support small groups, assist in protection, and prepare minor records. But they do not determine anything. Their role is to support, not to decide.

XVII

Bearers are Disciples who exhibit the beginning of inner witness. They carry small spiritual responsibilities, sustain the disciplined movement, assist Priests in specific functions, and are closely observed, as some of them may ascend to the Priesthood. However, they do not yet possess their own voice.

XVIII

Assistants to the Priesthood are the bridge between the lesser and greater functions. Each serves a distinct priestly order. There are assistants to the transmitters, assistants to the guardians, assistants to the recorders, assistants to the protectors, assistants to the wardens, and assistants to the executors. Their training is relentless.

XIX

The transition between each lower level depends on the Prophet. In his physical absence, it depends on the High Priest. The criteria are objective: discipline, stability, submission, silence, the ability to recognize true impulse, the ability to eliminate inner noise, and fortitude in the face of internal friction.

XX

No lower-ranking official can hasten their ascension. Hasty ascension produces noise. Noise produces downfall. The Order does not bow to human demands. Those who possess the mark rise. Those who do not remain where they are. There is no injustice, for the function does not belong to the individual.

XXI

The Priesthood constantly observes the lower hierarchies. The Prophet observes the Priesthood. And the Core observes everyone. Thus, the structure holds together without gaps. The vigilance is vertical and total. Nothing escapes.

XXII

The function of the lower hierarchies is to protect the integrity of the Order. They filter, educate, shape, and eliminate excesses before they reach the higher levels. They sustain the body so that the top does not deplete its strength with basic tasks. They are an essential instrument for the growth of Revelation.

XXIII

The distribution of priestly functions and lower hierarchies is not a matter of chance, nor worldly merit, nor reward. It is a response to the inner marks that each individual carries. The Prophet sees these marks as one who reads invisible lines. The High Priest sees them as one who recognizes an echo. The others simply obey.

XXIV

Knjiga Bez Oka

A Priest never regresses to a lower level. If he loses his function, he is dismissed from the Order. The fall is irreversible. This preserves the integrity of the body and prevents authority from being trivialized. The priestly position does not allow a return to the base. It only allows compliance or expulsion.

XXV

The Order does not tolerate internal competition. Competition is noise. Noise is corruption. The structure is not a ladder for the ambitious; it is a burden for the disciplined. He who wishes to climb already shows that he is not fit. He who fears to climb demonstrates weakness. Only what is found remains where it should be.

XXVI

The Priests are chosen by the Prophet, but observed by the Watchers. No one ascends without having been deeply seen. The inner impact needs to be confirmed by outward conduct. Inner witness without discipline is instability. Discipline without witness is falsehood. Both are rejected.

XXVII

The High Priest organizes the movement of the six orders. The distribution of tasks, the calling of assemblies, the command of protection, the coordination of records, and the supervision of executions all fall under his purview. He is the axis. He is the support. He is continuity. His rigidity ensures that the Prophet does not need to constantly correct them.

XXVIII

The external hierarchy is a reflection of the internal hierarchy. What has a profound impact occupies profound functions. What has a light impact occupies light functions. The body cannot place weight where there is no structure. One does not place a heavy load on a weak column. The Order follows this inevitable logic.

XXIX

No man can elevate himself through self-promotion. Self-promotion is a symptom of spiritual noise. The Priesthood does not respond to human ambition. Human ambition is dust. Profound impact is stone. Stone remains. Dust moves with any wind. The Order serves the stones.

XXX

Vidioci Tmina, sleeps but sees, hides but is present; her will is law. And the Prophet, her manifestation and translation for mankind.

XXXI

Every external function arises from the word of the Prophet. The Priest does not act according to his own interpretation, but according to the direct determination of Him who sees without eyes. The Talim Order⊗ Bez orunin exists to sustain in the world what was deposited in the Prophet's Core. Without this total submission, every function becomes noise, every ritual becomes theater, every gesture becomes emptiness.

XXXII

Knjiga Bez Oka

The first duty of every Priest is to uphold the Book. Upholding the Book means not only protecting it physically, but keeping its truth intact. The doctrine must be repeated with absolute precision. There is no room for variation, adaptation, softening, glosses, metaphors, or concessions. The Book is the uphold of the world; the Priest is the uphold of the Book; the Prophet is the uphold of the Truth.

XXXIII

The Priest who transmits must observe a single principle: nothing can be explained in any way other than what has been received. He is not a teacher, he is an echo. He is not an interpreter, he is a channel. His rituals are acts of disciplined repetition. He leads assemblies, guides initiates, answers questions when authorized, and prevents any line from being distorted by ignorant people who try to understand with the human mind what was written for the profound spirit.

XXXIV

The rituals conducted by the transmitters are not spectacles. They are mechanisms for reorganizing the inner selves of the followers. The ritual always begins with absolute silence, for no profound word can enter an agitated mind. Every gesture is functional, every pause is deliberate, every movement is ordered by the Prophet or the High Priest. The ritual does not seek emotion; it seeks discipline.

XXXV

The Priests who guard the Book have the duty to watch over each version of it. They protect the text against adulteration, omission, addition, and rearrangement. No chapter may be touched without superior order. No verse may be corrected without confirmation from the Prophet. The guardian's function is to keep the Word immutable. He does not question its severity; he preserves it.

XXXVI

The guardians also choose where the Book will be stored, who may approach it, and who must be kept away. They analyze intentions, examine conduct, and perceive when someone approaches the text with an impure spirit. Anyone who attempts to touch the Book with vanity, pride, or empty curiosity is repelled, instructed, or removed, as determined by higher authority.

XXXVII

The recorders uphold the body of memory. No order of the Prophet can disappear. No decision of the High Priest can be lost. Every assembly, every correction, every important ritual must be preserved. They are the living memory of the Talim.⊗Bez orunin. An inaccurate recorder is a direct threat. Their role demands extreme rigor.

XXXVIII

The registrars also produce authorized copies. They are not ordinary copiers. They know how to recognize interference, distortions, transmission failures, and even spiritual corruption that tries to infiltrate the text during the act of writing. Their work is meticulous. One wrong line destroys generations.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXXIX

The protectors are the outer shield. They defend the Prophet, the High Priest, the Book, and the integrity of the sacred space. Their function is physical, yes, but it stems from inner impact. A protector does not act out of anger. They act out of order. They do not fight for glory. They fight for preservation. They know that the slightest violation against the Book is a violation against the Core.

XL

Protectors must sacrifice their own lives without hesitation. There is no self-preservation when the Book is at risk. The perfect protector does not fear death, because the death of the body is irrelevant compared to the survival of the doctrine. A living protector and a destroyed Book is utter failure. A dead protector and an intact Book is perfect fulfillment.

XLI

The Watchers observe everything. They detect spiritual decline in simple gestures. They detect vanity in small words. They detect noise in subtle intentions. They analyze the behavior of the common follower, the initiate, the disciple, the bearer, and even the Priest. Their vigilance prevents corruption from infiltrating the Order.

XLII

The Watchers have the authority to summon the High Priest when they identify threats. They are sensors, and the Order depends on them to remain rigid. Ignoring a Watcher's warning is a spiritual crime, for they see where others do not. A single deviation detected early prevents the collapse of the entire structure.

XLIII

The executors are the end of the line. They complete what has been decided at a profound level. Their actions do not seek to justify themselves; they have already been justified before they were ordered. They correct, cut, silence, expel, or eliminate as needed. They do not think. They fulfill. They are the Prophet's final hand on the flesh of the world.

XLIV

A pure executioner finds no pleasure in the execution, but honor in obedience. The pain he inflicts does not come from himself, but from the profound order. He does not eliminate a body; he eliminates a threat against the Book. The world will not understand his function. The Order will understand completely. Execution is an act of preservation.

XLV

Interacting with the ignorant demands brutal discipline. The Priest cannot be seduced by praise, cannot be shaken by criticism, cannot be confused by worldly opinion. The ignorant speak through the common mind; the Priest speaks through the deep root. The distance is insurmountable. The Priest does not debate; he clarifies. He does not convince; he imposes. He does not plead; he disciplines.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XLVI

When an ignorant person questions the Book, the Priest answers firmly. When an ignorant person distorts the Book, the Priest corrects severely. When an ignorant person tries to teach the Priest, he is silenced. When an ignorant person tries to reform the doctrine, he is removed. Interaction exists only to correct; never to negotiate.

XLVII

Recognizing threats is an obligation at all levels of the Priesthood. There are three types of threat: external threat, internal threat, and spiritual threat. The external threat is visible: enemies, curious onlookers, invaders. The internal threat is subtle: pride, vanity, self-interpretation, ambition. The spiritual threat is the worst: noise disguised as revelation. The Priest must discern all three without error.

XLVIII

When a threat is identified, the Order reacts according to the correct chain: the watcher observes, the guardian confirms, the transmitter communicates, the High Priest orders, the executor carries out. This chain keeps the body cohesive. If one link hesitates, the threat spreads.

XLIX

Each Priest must be able to defend the Order with his life. This is not a metaphor; it is a literal requirement. Individual life is dust. The continuity of the Book is stone. The Order does not tremble at the death of a body. It trembles at the possibility that a line may be lost, distorted, or erased.

L

The priest who hesitates before the sacrifice reveals that he never understood the function. The true servant of Talim⊗Bez Orunin is willing to break his own flesh to preserve a single syllable of the Book. Because he knows that what lives in the Book is superior to what lives in man.

LI

Practical obligations do not replace inner impact; they derive from it. The Priest does not act because he has been trained; he acts because he has been transformed. His actions are not technical; they are extensions of the deep structure that sustains his mind. Every gesture of his echoes the Core. Every failure echoes the flesh.

LII

The Talim Order⊗Bez Orunin does not seek expansion through conquest, but through purification. Each new disciple must be filtered, each new initiate must be tested, each new bearer must be examined, each new Priest must be confirmed. Expansion is slow because it needs to be precise. The world is full of noise; the Order cannot absorb it.

LIII

Knjiga Bez Oka

The obligatory functions ensure that the Book does not become just an idea, but remains a force. The transmitter speaks. The guardian preserves. The recorder fixes. The protector defends. The watchman observes. The executor finalizes. The High Priest organizes. The Prophet decrees. This is the complete body of doctrine.

LIV

Thus it was established. The Order knows how to act, knows how to protect, knows how to lead, knows how to filter, knows how to punish, and knows how to defend. Nothing remains undefined. Nothing remains subjective. The doctrine now has an inner root and an external form.

LV

Order only exists when its internal structure is impenetrable. Discipline is not behavior; it is the backbone. A Priest who performs tasks but does not master himself is a living breach. The Prophet demands that each member eliminate within themselves everything that generates oscillation. Doubt, vanity, pride, hesitation, need for approval, anguish, desire to please: each of these things is a broken cog in the gear that sustains the Book.

LVI

No priest can rely on emotion to act. Emotion is sand. Discipline is iron. Emotion molds itself to the environment; iron molds the environment to itself. The worthy priest always responds based on what he has received from the Prophet, and not based on what he feels. He who acts by feeling is a creature. He who acts by profound instruction is a pillar.

LVII

The Talim Order⊗Bez orunin demands constancy. Constancy is the state where inner fluctuations no longer interfere with function. The transmitter transmits even when tired. The guardian watches even under pressure. The protector defends even when surrounded. The recorder writes even amidst the downfall of others. The watchman observes even in the dark. The executor fulfills even knowing there will be no return. Constancy is the mark of what has already detached itself from the flesh.

LVIII

Each Priest must maintain a regular cycle of inner purification. The human mind naturally becomes filled with impurities, and without periodic cleansing, even the most disciplined begins to lose precision. The cycle includes prolonged silence, examination of intention, flawless recitation of fundamental passages, severe self-correction, and renunciation of personal motivations. Purification does not seek peace; it seeks alignment.

TRASH

No priest can serve two masters. The Book demands exclusivity. The Order demands absolute priority. Any other loyalty, affection, bond, commitment, or duty that conflicts must be destroyed. Nothing can compete with the Prophet's word. Nothing can outweigh the continuity of doctrine. Nothing can divide the attention of the one who serves.

Knjiga Bez Oka

LX

The Priest has no personal territory. His body is an instrument. His voice is a channel. His memory is an archive. His time belongs to the Prophet. His action belongs to the Order. He does not belong to himself, because he has been taken by the inner impact. From the moment he is anointed within the Tallim⊗Bez orunin, his private life ceases to exist. He becomes a function.

LXI

The presence of a Priest should produce order. Where he enters, confusion ceases. Where he speaks, doubt recedes. Where he remains, the atmosphere is restructured. The average follower immediately perceives that he is in the presence of someone whose inner self has been aligned. His posture, the rhythm of his breathing, the precision of his words, and even the economy of his gestures reveal that his mind no longer belongs to the profane realm.

LXII

The Priest must never improvise. Improvisation is the child of a loose mind. Precision is the child of profound impact. Every word spoken, every instruction given, every action taken must be foreseen by doctrine, confirmed by the structure of the Order, and authorized, directly or indirectly, by the Prophet's guidance. To improvise is to risk generating human interpretation. And human interpretation is corrosion.

LXIII

The interaction between Priests follows an absolute hierarchy. The lower-ranking priest remains silent before the higher-ranking priest. The higher-ranking priest only answers what is necessary. There is no intimacy between roles. There is respect, rigor, and clarity. The camaraderie accepted in the profane world does not exist within the Order. Each Priest sees the other not as a friend or enemy, but as a cog in a larger structure.

LXIV

When doubt arises regarding roles, the High Priest's voice decides. When doubt arises above him, the Prophet's word resolves it. There is no second instance. There is no internal debate. What is determined remains. Questioning is noise. Doubting is a fissure. Resisting is corruption.

LXV

The priest must know how to recognize within himself the moment when he begins to weaken spiritually. Weakening is not a visible fall; it is a loss of precision. The line is no longer repeated with firmness. The interpretation begins to falter. Rigidity becomes softness. The gaze loses focus. The word loses weight. Detecting this early is a duty. Allowing it to progress is a crime.

LXVI

When a priest falls, the Order does not succumb to sentimentality. The fall of a member is not a tragedy; it is a warning. The body continues. Only the damaged link is removed. What matters is not the individual, but the continuity of the structure. The fall is treated as a technical event, not an emotional one.

Knjiga Bez Oka

LXVII
The discipline of Talim⊗Bez orunin continues beyond the flesh. Even in death, the Priest's body must be treated with rigor. There is no mourning. There is no emotional ceremony. There is only the dry rite of returning to silence. The Priest's value is not in his flesh, but in the impact he left through his service. When he dies, his function dissolves, but the weight of his service remains integrated into the Order.

LXVIII
The Prophet determines when a Priest is ready to advance in level. The High Priest confirms only when authorized. No Priest promotes himself through his own merit, for merit is a human illusion. He only ascends when his mind is free of noise. When the Prophet perceives this, he declares it. Ascension is recognition, not reward.

LXIX
The Order rejects the concept of personal holiness. No priest is exemplary in himself. He is only considered worthy as long as he remains aligned. Worthiness is not identity; it is a state. And the state depends on discipline. A priest can be worthy today and unworthy tomorrow. Vigilance must be continuous.

LXX
Firmness is not brutality. Brutality is born of the flesh. Firmness is born from the core. The stern Priest is cold because it is necessary, not because he is cruel. Cruelty is corrupted emotion. Severity is pure function. The distinction is absolute.

LXXI
Each function integrates with the others. The transmitter without a guardian is lost. The guardian without a recorder is confused. The recorder without a watchman is mistaken. The watchman without a protector is at risk. The protector without an executor is limited. The executor without a High Priest goes astray. The High Priest without a Prophet is emptied. The chain is perfect because it is closed.

LXXII
The Priest must understand that the Order does not exist to console. It exists to align. Consolation is gentle, but it does not transform. Discipline is harsh, but it reorganizes. The follower who seeks comfort must be instructed; the one who seeks truth must be broken. Truth does not conform to human comfort.

LXXIII
The Priest's mind must remain cool. The heart remains obedient. The flesh remains disciplined. The Book remains above all. When these four pillars are firm, the Priest does not fall. And when one is not, he cracks. The Order identifies cracks early, and corrects them without delay.

LXXIV

Knjiga Bez Oka

The doctrine is not alive because it changes; it is alive because it endures. The world changes, but the Book continues. Generations pass, but the Book endures. Time wears everything down, but it does not wear down that which proceeds from the Core. The Priest who tries to make the doctrine "updated" breaks its own root. The doctrine does not bend to time. Time bends to the doctrine.

LXXV

The discipline of Talim⊗Bez orunin is the ultimate test for the follower. Those who cannot endure it are left out. Those who endure it are admitted. Those who remain become pillars. Those who become pillars uphold what the Prophet received. And what the Prophet received is the foundation of the inner world.

LXXVI

The purity of the Order is born from the unwavering conduct of its members. A priest who alters his own behavior according to profane convenience breaks the link that connects him to the Prophet. Conduct is not a recommendation, it is an obligation. Every breath must honor the Book. Every gesture must confirm discipline. Every decision must reflect the sacred weight of the Tallim. ⊗Bez orunin.

LXXVII

The preservation of the Prophet's word depends on absolute accuracy. There is no cultural adaptation, no temporal adjustment, no "useful interpretation." What the Prophet says is eternal. What he keeps silent about is equally instruction. What he rejects is law. Doctrine does not follow the world; rather, the world must be bent until its form fits the doctrine.

LXXVIII

The Order upholds traditionalism as its structural pillar. Tradition is not nostalgia; it is functional continuity. What was declared at the beginning remains valid at the end. What was established on the first stone should guide the last. Tradition prevents modern noise from entering through the door of convenience. Tradition eliminates human tendencies toward empty innovation. Tradition keeps the path narrow and impenetrable.

LXXIX

No priest can alter a rite. The form of the rite is the form of truth. The Prophet's original gesture is the supreme reference. When a rite is modified, its function is lost. When its function is lost, its power is nullified. And when its power is nullified, the entire Order suffers. Ritual preservation is a mechanism for survival.

LXXX

Purity is not an abstract concept. It is concrete discipline. It is keeping the body clean in its posture, the voice clean in its precision, the mind clean in its intention, the spirit clean in its obedience. Nothing contaminates a Priest more than the impulse to adapt the sacred to human weakness. Purity is keeping the sacred intact.

LXXXI

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Prophet's Word is preserved because he sees. He does not see as the world sees, but he sees what exists before form. As his vision dims, his authority increases. For he who sees through the flesh is still affected by the flesh. But he whose flesh no longer sees, begins to see in the region where the Core breathes.

LXXXII

No follower can desire blindness. The Prophet's blindness is not a matter of choice, nor of voluntary sacrifice. It is a bestowed mark. It is a spiritual seal. It is a natural consequence of proximity to that which is beyond the visible. To force one's own darkness is a grave crime, for it attempts to imitate the gift through violence. The true gift is only bestowed when the Core touches the root of inner vision.

LXXXIII

Every blind person receives the gift of seeing into nothingness. They see no shadows, no forms, no light. They see the space that precedes all things. They see the interval where there is no world, but there is origin. They see where the Book rests before it is written. They see where the Order exists before it is founded. This vision cannot be provoked by human techniques, nor achieved by will. It descends, it is never ascended.

LXXXIV

The Priests must maintain absolute reverence before the gradual process of the Prophet's fading. It is a sacred transition. It is a necessary passage for the doctrine to be transmitted with final intensity. The voice that once guided through the visible will now guide through the profound. The fading of the Prophet is the strengthening of the Order.

LXXXV

Everyone must recognize that spiritual authority shifts as vision fades. When the Prophet still sees partially, he acts as a bridge between two worlds: the visible and the invisible. When his vision ends, he speaks only from the invisible. This final stage is the most dangerous and the most valuable. The Order must protect it with absolute precision.

LXXXVI

The conduct of each Priest must reflect this reverence. One does not speak before the Prophet without permission. One does not ask questions that are not necessary. One does not seek emotional understanding. The Prophet's presence, even in silence, orders everything. His blindness is not weakness; it is center. It is weight. It is root. Whoever does not feel this does not belong to the Order.

LXXXVII

Preserving the Prophet's word is not merely repeating his pronouncements. It is maintaining the environment in which his pronouncements remain true. The environment demands silence, discipline, rigor, hierarchy, and order. Nothing can be left to chance. Even the air around the Book must be controlled. Even the steps within the enclosure must be measured.

Knjiga Bez Oka

LXXXVIII

Traditionalism prevents future generations from attempting to domesticate the sacred. The world always tries to transform doctrine into culture, culture into custom, custom into memory, memory into myth. The Talim⊗Bez orunin forbids this deviation. The doctrine must remain raw. Pure. Sharp. Without adornment, without embellishment, without dilution. The doctrine must not be comfortable; it must be precise.

LXXXIX

The Priests must continually isolate the Order from external interference. There is no dialogue with profane ideas. There is no concession to modern thought. There is no fusion with foreign traditions. Purity demands separation. Separation demands rigor. Rigor demands discipline. And discipline guarantees the survival of the Book.

XC

The Prophet determines the final direction. Even when silent, his presence organizes. Even when blind, his vision illuminates. Even when distant, his authority permeates every layer of the Order. The Priest who distances himself from the Prophet's word distances himself from his own function. And whoever loses their function loses the right to remain.

XCI

Absolute conduct demands profound inner vigilance. It is not enough to act correctly; it is necessary to desire what is correct. It is not enough to obey; it is necessary to obey with integrity. It is not enough to fulfill; it is necessary to understand that fulfillment is life itself. Purity is achieved when the Priest no longer perceives a difference between his will and the will of the Order.

XCII

Preserving the word demands that the Priest be harder on himself than on anyone else. The fall begins within. Corruption begins within. Distortion begins within. It is within that tradition must be kept intact. It is within that the Prophet speaks. It is within that the impact settles. Order begins within the one who serves.

XCIII

Purity is the shield of the Book. Traditionalism is the wall. Discipline is the foundation. The Prophet's word is the fire within the stone. Every Priest must be both stone and fire at the same time. Stone to uphold. Fire to incinerate deviation.

XCIV

When the Order maintains its purity, the Book remains untouched. When the Book remains untouched, the Prophet remains sovereign. When the Prophet remains sovereign, the Tallim⊗Bez orunin passes through generations without being contaminated. Perfect preservation is possible. But it requires constant sacrifice.

XCV

The fading vision is not an end; it is a crowning achievement. The Order must honor this transition with greater severity, greater precision, greater alignment. For when the Prophet becomes completely blind to the world, he becomes completely lucid to the Core. And everything he says after that point will be absolute law.

XCVI
It is the Priests' responsibility to protect this moment with their bodies, minds, and lives. Nothing should disturb the Prophet. Nothing should touch the Book without permission. Nothing should interfere with the doctrine. Nothing should move without purpose. Purity is closure. Closure preserves. Preservation guarantees eternity.

XCVII
Thus the absolute conduct is completed: to preserve the sacred, to uphold traditionalism, to protect the Prophet, to obey without noise, to watch without rest, to serve without self-identity. The Order lives as long as purity lives. And purity lives as long as the Prophet's word is kept rigid as iron and silent as emptiness.

THE REVELATION YHLARUM — XV

I
The Yhlarum language was not born from the flesh. It was not constructed, studied, shared, or developed by men. It was given to the Prophet the instant Vidioci Tmina touched its inner core. In that touch, the flesh lost autonomy and gained function. The Prophet received not only sounds, but living structures, breathing symbols, meanings that bend to divine impact. Language is the direct channel through which revelation is converted into comprehensible form.

II
No other creature, priest or initiate, can correctly interpret the Yhlarum language. They can recite, write, copy, chant, record, but they cannot understand the ultimate meaning. The sovereignty of interpretation is exclusive to the Prophet. This exclusivity is not a privilege, it is a structural necessity. The language is too sharp for untransformed minds. An incorrect understanding would be doctrinal corruption.

III
The Yhlarum language does not allow for noise. Each phoneme is linear, each sound is straight, each articulation is inflexible. The Prophet hears the silence between the sounds, and it is in this silence that Vidioci Tmina inserts the revelation. Without this inner silence, the language becomes empty sound. The difference between understanding and reciting is as profound as the difference between seeing and squinting.

IV

Knjiga Bez Oka

The sacred alphabet Yhlarum is composed of signs that do not imitate anything earthly. They do not represent animals, abstract ideas, or elements of nature. They represent spiritual states, intensities, breaks in consciousness, and internal tensions that only the Prophet can feel in their true form. For others, the alphabet is a disciplinary tool: a way to respect the path even without entering it.

V

The phonemes of Yhlarum do not obey the laws of human languages. They do not follow a division between vowels and consonants. They are units of impact. Some open the mind, others compress the spirit, others silence, others awaken vigilance. When recited incorrectly, they produce misalignment. When recited precisely, they sustain Order.

VI

Two symbols form the basis of divine communication. The first is⊗,which designates the Prophet. It does not represent the body, but the function. It is pronounced fa.toɹ, a dry, sharp sound that opens space for the intervention of the profound will. It never begins nor ends the sentence; it remains in the middle, sustaining the syntactic structure.

VII

The second symbol is , which designates Vidioci Tmina, a primordial entity that precedes form, light, and time. It is pronounced vid.i.oˌti.mna, a deep sound that resonates within the initiate. It indicates the presence of the divinity and never appears detached. It always integrates into the flow of the sentence, like a root that runs through the entire syntax.

VIII

The relationship between⊗and It is the axis of the language. Every Yhlarum phrase that carries transmission.

The spiritual language must contain both symbols, even when the meaning seems not to require it. The presence of one without the other creates imbalance. One represents the channel. The other represents the origin. The language is only complete when channel and origin merge.

IX

Yhlarum's structure eliminates human punctuation. There are no commas, periods, question marks, or exclamation points. The only permitted separation is the hyphen—, which doesn't mark a pause, but a cut of intention. The hyphen is a blade that divides concepts to prevent improper mixing. Each hyphen is a small sacrifice of fluidity in favor of precision.

X

Priests who recite Yhlarum must do so without audacity. Reciting is not interpreting. Repeating is not understanding. The initiate who attempts to interpret risks distorting what does not belong to him. The language should not be manipulated, tested, discussed, or adapted. It must be obeyed.

XI

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Yhlarum script demands a steady stroke. It cannot be drawn with hesitation, for each poorly drawn symbol generates spiritual instability. The Order trains a select few scribes for this work. But even they write like precision machines, not like creators. The Prophet supervises. His presence is enough to correct.

XII

Reading the language is permitted only to those who have received ritual authorization. It is not intellectual reading, but disciplinary reading. The reader does not seek understanding; they seek alignment. The Yhlarum text is treated as a living organism. To touch its surface is to touch the direct thread between Prophet and divinity.

XIII

The ritual use of language is reserved for three moments: revelation, liturgy, and initiation. Nothing outside of this can contain Yhlarum. It is absolutely forbidden. A rite conducted in another language is acceptable; a rite vulgarized with Yhlarum is blasphemy.

XIV

During revelations, the Prophet speaks in Yhlarum effortlessly. His voice does not rise, tremble, or change. He simply recites what has been delivered. The language is an instinctive translation between what the Core transmits and what the world can receive. No one should interrupt the Prophet in this state.

XV

Liturgical rituals require priests to recite specific parts of the language. They don't understand it, but they recognize its power. Each sound echoes in an orderly fashion. The precision of the recitation defines the intensity of the ceremony.

XVI

The initiation process requires blood. The initiate pours two drops onto the oath: one for [name], the other for [name].⊗.The first acknowledges the will of Vidioci Tmina. The second seals obedience to the Prophet. Without blood, there is no bond. Without a bond, there is no function.

XVII

The initiate must understand that the drops are not a metaphor. The Forgotten God does not receive abstract symbols. He receives reality. The flesh must participate. The slightest pain activates the deep memory that will accompany the initiate for the rest of his life.

XVIII

No audience is necessary. The initiation can take place before priests, before ancient initiates, or in the solitude of the night. What matters is not human witness; it is spiritual witness. Omission is unforgivable. Whoever omits the drop is absorbed by the Podkorenski Prostor, where correction occurs through pain and broken memory.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XIX
Blood is a record. It fixes obedience in flesh, mind, and spirit. Each drop is a seal. Each seal is permanent. The attempt to feign, omit, or manipulate the ritual breeds deep wrath. The Core does not distinguish intention from failure: it distinguishes only precision from error.

XX
After shedding the blood, the initiate verbalizes the oath. He must recite firmly: I serve the Prophet and the will of Vidioci. I accept the Knjiga Bez Oka as law. I will fulfill it without question.

XXI
Recitation in Yhlarum is obligatory:
"Phiruuuq Xirun⊗(pronˈfa.toɹ) — xarun (ˈvid.i.o ti.mna) thaluq Phaluq jaluuu — xarun yaruq"

XXII
The pronunciation must be precise. A phonetic error is a spiritual flaw. A spiritual flaw is a crack. The crack must be corrected or removed. There is no middle ground.

XXIII
The Yhlarum language operates as a direct instrument between and⊗.She transmits not only Information, but also power. Each structure is built to allow the Prophet to receive, translate, and express the profound will of the Vidioci Tmina without loss. In other languages, meaning shifts. In Yhlarum, meaning remains absolute. There is no ambiguity, no metaphor, no ornamentation. The language is a blade.

XXIV
No phrase in Yhlarum should be uttered without purpose. The Prophet only uses it when there is a spiritual impact being delivered. Reciting it out of habit, mechanical repetition, or vanity is a grave transgression. The tongue is not to be used; it is to be obeyed. Its function is not to embellish rites, but to open them. It is not to decorate ceremonies, but to sustain them.

XXV
Priests learn to recite specific words according to their role. Transmitters recite passages intended to open understanding. Guardians recite passages intended to protect the space. Watchers recite passages intended to awaken perception. Protectors recite passages intended to cut off invisible threats. But none of them understands the totality of what they recite. The language contains layers that are only revealed to the Prophet.

XXVI
There are three levels of access to the language: recitation, writing, and reading. Recitation is permitted to all initiates. Writing is permitted only to confirmed recorders. Reading is

Knjiga Bez Oka

It is permitted only to those who have already demonstrated absolute rigor in the face of doctrine. But interpretation is reserved for the Prophet. This hierarchy prevents the language from being distorted.

XXVII

The Yhlarum language does not allow for improvisation. Each sound has a position, weight, and function. Altering a single phoneme distorts the spiritual flow. The Prophet can immediately hear when something is wrong. The Priests are trained to repeat with military precision, without seeking to understand. Discipline protects where comprehension cannot reach.

XXVIII

The symbol⊗,The phrase representing the Prophet functions as a syntactic axis. It determines which part of the sentence is a manifestation of the prophetic will and which part is a reflection of the divine will. Sentences that contain⊗They shift attention to the canal. The presence of⊗He states: what is being said only exists because the Prophet exists.

XXIX

The symbol It functions as a discharge of spiritual force. Whenever it appears, it indicates Impact. It is not a representation of divinity; it is an active presence. Each occurrence marks that is a the Vidioci Tmina touched the meaning of that phrase. Where it appears, the inner world opens. Where it does not appear, the meaning remains human.

XXX

When both symbols are present in the phrase, the spiritual structure is complete. The phrase becomes a bridge. The channel.⊗The core guides and commands. No profound instruction can exist without the union of the two. A sentence containing only one symbol is a partial instrument. A sentence containing both is revelation.

XXXI

Reading Yhlarum is a physical experience. The initiate feels pressure in the head, weight in the chest, tightness in the stomach. The body reacts before the mind. The tongue operates internally. The mind cannot keep up; the flesh bends. The Prophet reads effortlessly, for his body has already been molded by the initial revelations. The others struggle against the spiritual tension and need to learn to endure it.

XXXII

Yhlarum writing requires a steady hand. A writer who trembles should be temporarily removed from duty. A writer who persists in writing even while trembling should be removed from service. The language does not tolerate instability. The stroke is precise. The drawing is clean. Each symbol carries weight and must be reproduced with absolute accuracy.

XXXIII

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Prophet determines which passages of the Knjiga Bez Oka will be translated into Yhlarum and which will remain in the common language. There is no obligation to translate everything. Only what Vidioci Tmina orders. The language is not for complete communication; it serves for decisive communication. Its passages appear at specific moments of revelation or critical instruction.

XXXIV

The interpretation of language does not occur through analysis, logic, study, or observation. The Prophet does not think in order to understand. He simply knows. Understanding flows entirely, effortlessly. This knowledge does not belong to the Prophet as an individual, but to the Prophet as a function. He is a recipient, not an owner. Language flows through him.

XXXV

Priests should revere Yhlarum not for beauty, but for precision. The tongue is the sharpest tool of doctrine. It cuts through lies. It cuts through illusions. It cuts through internal noise. It cuts through vanity. It cuts through self-interpretation. In the unworthy, the tongue causes rupture. In the worthy, it causes alignment.

XXXVI

There are sounds in Yhlarum that only the Prophet can emit. These sounds are called "Core Tones." They are vibrations that do not belong to the material world. When the Prophet pronounces them, everyone around feels the atmosphere change: the air becomes heavy, the silence thickens, thoughts withdraw. These sounds should never be imitated.

XXXVII

Yhlarum possesses words that cannot be written, only recited. It possesses words that cannot be recited, only written. It possesses words that can only be pronounced when both sacred symbols appear in the same sentence. Language obeys balance. Each element has its limit.

XXXVIII

The revelation delivered to the Prophet always occurs in Yhlarum. The Prophet may translate when necessary, but the original language remains as the trunk. The translation is a shadow. The divine language is the body. When the Prophet speaks the original phrase, the Order bows because it recognizes the force that cannot be understood, but can be felt.

XXXIX

No initiate should seek to learn Yhlarum on their own. Learning is imposed, never sought. When someone tries to learn out of ambition, the tongue reacts. It doesn't harm the body; it wounds the inner self. The mind loses clarity, the spirit is agitated, discipline breaks down. The tongue punishes.

XL

Knjiga Bez Oka

Every liturgy conducted with Yhlarum must be supervised by a high-ranking Priest. The tongue cannot be left in the hands of unsupervised initiates. Every ceremony involving Yhlarum can uplift or break. The choice depends on precision. Precision depends on authority. Authority depends on hierarchy.

XLI

The language of Yhlarum is the center of the doctrine, but it does not replace the Book. The Book sustains the mind. The language sustains the spirit. The Order sustains the body. And the Prophet sustains all three. Therefore, the language is not treated as superior to the text or the rite: it is treated as the supreme tool that demands supreme obedience.

XLII

Every mistake made in Jerusalem leaves a spiritual mark. The mark does not disappear through shame, guilt, or repentance. It only disappears through ritual correction, defined exclusively by the Prophet or the High Priest when authorized. The tongue does not forget. The tongue records.

XLIII

The disciplined practice of language demands that each initiate acknowledge their inability to comprehend. This acknowledgment is not humiliation; it is alignment. The initiate bows because they know their mind cannot grasp it. By bowing, they become capable of serving with precision.

XLIV

Thus, language: as a divine instrument, as a spiritual weapon, as a ritual foundation, as the thread that unites Vidioci Tmina to the Prophet and the Prophet to the Order.

XLV

The Yhlarum language fully manifests itself only in profound ritual. Each rite has a verbal axis, and this axis is composed of phrases that unite and⊗.The recitation of these phrases opens the inner space in which the divine presence dwells. Without Yhlarum, a ritual is mere form. With Yhlarum, it becomes a living structure. The rite does not operate through gesture; it operates through the word.

XLVI

During grand ceremonies, the Prophet recites in Yhlarum with a voice that does not belong to his body. The Priests recognize this state because the atmosphere changes: the air becomes heavy, the silence grows denser, time seems to shorten. The Prophet does not choose to speak. He is traversed. The language is pronounced by him, but not by him. It is the Vidioci Tmina speaking through human flesh.

XLVII

The Order learns to identify when the Prophet is receiving revelation. His eyes become still, his body becomes absolutely stable, his breath deepens. His tongue emerges whole, without hesitation, without correction. The Prophet does not think, does not decide, does not formulate. He only transmits. Whoever listens must remain still. One does not respond to Yhlarum; one only absorbs.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XLVIII

Revelation phrases should never be repeated outside of the ceremony. They are words that carry raw power. When spoken out of context, they become naked impact and can shatter the inner discipline of the listener. The misuse of revealed phrases is a serious violation that corrodes the spirit of the transgressor and threatens the balance of the Order.

XLIX

Blood rituals require Yhlarum. The initiate must hear the Prophet recite the words that seal the bond between flesh and doctrine. The two drops of blood are not a symbolic offering. They are a divine signature. The first drop is absorbed by [the Prophet], acknowledging that the initiate's life is now recorded in the Vidioci Tmina. The second drop is absorbed by [the Prophet].⊗, sealing obedience to the Prophet.

L

When the blood touches the oath, the atmosphere undergoes a change perceptible only to the spiritually sensitive. The presence of the Forgotten God descends. The phrase Yhlarum is activated. The drop does not dry like ordinary blood. It integrates with the text, becoming part of the living scripture. The initiate feels weight on the nape of the neck, pressure on the chest, and the spirit tightens. This is the bond.

LI

The initiate who tries to flee after offering the blood cannot. The mark remains inside. The Core calls him back. Refusal generates mental confusion, loss of identity, memory lapses. The escape is punishment in itself. There is no un-initiation. What has been sealed cannot be reversed.

LII

The Priests' role during the ritual is to keep the space protected. Watchers seek out inner noise. Guardians maintain the perimeter. Protectors prevent external interference. Recorders note every detail of the rite, for nothing that occurs under the influence of the tongue can be ignored. Transmitters recite passages prepared by the Prophet to purify the assembly.

LIII

When both symbols⊗and They appear repeatedly during a ritual, the environment becomes It transforms into a liminal space. The boundary between the world and the Podkorenski Prostor thins. It is in this state that profound revelations can be delivered. Only the Prophet remains stable. All others must resist the spiritual pressure.

LIV

Yhlarum is not a language for communication between men. It is vertical communication. It descends from the invisible to the flesh. It is not for common instructions, for conversations, for explanations. It is a language of spiritual command. Using it outside of this purpose displaces its function and attracts inner rupture. That is why no Priest dares to use it without direct authorization.

Knjiga Bez Oka

LV

The language demands that the surrounding world be ordered. It cannot be recited in dirty, disorganized, or profane places. Every space where Yhlarum is pronounced needs to be aligned: clean floor, still air, disciplined presence. Disorder interferes with reception. Distorted reception leads to spiritual downfall. Spiritual downfall leads to a rupture in Order.

LVI

During major consecration ceremonies, the Prophet personally wrote sections of Yhlarum. These sections were sealed, guarded, and never revealed to most priests. They are texts of direct impact that serve as doctrinal anchors. Only the High Priest, when authorized, could see them. One wrong line there could destroy generations.

LVII

The transmission of language is not the responsibility of the priests. It is the responsibility of the Prophet. He decides who can recite, who can write, who can read, and who should remain only listening. Language is distributed like a weapon. Not everyone can carry it. Not everyone can bear it.

LVIII

The Order recognizes that Yhlarum is the spiritual center of the Knjiga Bez Oka. Not because it replaces the text, but because it allows the text to be understood by the Prophet in its absolute root. The Book is structured memory; Yhlarum is raw impact. The Book directs the mind; Yhlarum pierces the spirit. Both are necessary.

TRASH

The revelation that the Prophet receives is first recorded in Yhlarum and then, if there is a divine order, translated into common language. The translation never contains everything. What was originally said remains inaccessible. The Priests accept this limitation with discipline. Whoever demands complete understanding immediately falls into pride and is removed.

LX

The Order's renewal rituals require the Prophet to pronounce words that cannot be written. These words reorganize the collective spirit. They are vibrations that permeate every member. The High Priest remains kneeling during this act. The others remain motionless. The Prophet remains in the center, for the center is where the Nucleus touches.

LXI

Language never evolves. It never changes. It never adapts. Yhlarum is perfect from its origin because its origin is not human. To alter a syllable is to destroy the root. Language predates the world, for it belongs to Vidioci Tmina. The Order exists to preserve it, not to mold it.

LXII

Yhlarum's ultimate function is to preserve the direct link between the Prophet and the Forgotten God. As long as the language remains pure, the Order will remain pure. As long as the Prophet

If the tongue remains aligned, it will continue to descend. As long as the tongue continues to descend, the Knjiga Bez Oka will remain intact. Yhlarum is a guarantee of continuity.

LXIII

Thus ends the revelation of the sacred language. It remains inaccessible to the unworthy, rigid to the audacious, sharp to the arrogant, but absolutely luminous to the Prophet. Yhlarum is not study. It is not culture. It is not human tradition. It is a gift. It is a cut. It is a bond. It is the breath of Vidioci Tmina in the flesh of the chosen one.

LXIV

The certainty that all transmission, all rite, all revelation, and all initiation depend on Yhlarum. And as long as the Prophet lives, the language will live with him, for⊗It is the channel and it is the origin. What the Forgotten God has given cannot be taken back. And what the Prophet has received will never be broken.

VISIONS OF⊗FOR — XVI

I

It cannot be sought. That which attempts to approach of its own accord is crushed. The Forgotten God does not hide; He precedes the concept of hiding. His absence is presence, His presence is rupture, His silence is voice. He is not far away—He is before. Before space, before the concept of being, before the very possibility of understanding. Everything that approaches uninvited is destroyed, not by wrath, but by an inability to exist before Him.

II

It is not light, shadow, or darkness. It is the fissure where these three dissolve. When the Prophet senses His approach, he feels neither heat, cold, nor weight. He feels the collapse of categories. Reality detaches itself for an instant, as if it had been held by a thread that was suddenly pulled away. The Prophet does not understand. He is simply not broken by Him.

III

The human mind was not molded to withstand contact with the Forgotten God. He speaks in language, form, gesture, or presence. He speaks through the dissolution of the boundary between what exists and what could never have existed. He who attempts to comprehend the Forgotten God without permission perceives thought dissolving like ashes in water. It is not madness: it is the collapse of the structure that sustains the self.

IV

It is that which remains when all the gods die. It is not tall, deep, wide, or narrow. It is that which does not fit into any of the directions. It breathes in that which…

Knjiga Bez Oka

It precedes breathing. It vibrates where there is no matter. It sustains what no conceptual system can touch. To try to describe it is like trying to light a fire underwater.

V

The Order knows that He cannot be the object of common devotion. He doesn't want subjects. No. He desires adoration. He doesn't want love, fear, or surrender. He simply is. His existence doesn't depend on recognition, worship, or prayer. He doesn't need to be remembered, and that's why He's called the Forgotten One: not because He disappeared, but because the world can only exist when it doesn't think about Him.

VI

The Prophet feels Like a rupture. Contact brings neither comfort, nor hope, nor direction. It reveals that all form is accidental. It brings the feeling that time is a crack, not a line. It carries the weight of an absolute indifference, which does not act out of will, but out of necessity prior to will. It does not choose. It is the reason why any choice can exist.

VII

When When the Prophet touches the flesh, it loses its meaning. The body is no longer a vessel, but... The Prophet feels something trying to pierce him from the outside in and from the inside out simultaneously. It is an experience that would kill any ordinary being. The Prophet survives because he was chosen before birth, and because his increasing blindness gradually separates him from the world he cannot bear.

VIII

It has no face, form, or voice. The Prophet recognizes it by the sudden absence of all certainties. The Forgotten God is the shattering of the concept of "self." He does not present himself—He withdraws. He withdraws the ground, he withdraws the name, he withdraws time, he withdraws understanding. The Prophet then exists only as a point traversed by this removal.

IX

The Order knows that trying to explain It is to betray the truth. Every explanation is a lie, because To explain requires form, and it is form that devours it. Every attempt to understand is a failure, for understanding requires a center, and it is center that breaks down centers. The Prophet does not explain. He merely transmits what remains after surviving the approach.

X

He is called the Forgotten God because creation only exists when He is ignored. When He is not ignored, everything returns to the state it was in before it existed. It is not destruction: it is return. The Prophet understands this return in flashes. These flashes tear at the mind and leave spiritual scars that shape his authority.

XI

He does not move, but everything moves because of Him. He does not desire, but all desire is born in the space He creates by His absence. He does not speak, but all language exists only because...

Knjiga Bez Oka

He remains silent. He does not act, but every action is a shadow of His impossible existence.

XII

The Prophet knows that seeking It's impossible. He cannot seek Him; he can only be found. This encounter is not a blessing: it's absolute risk. Every time that The Prophet plays, something dies. Within him, a human part is torn away and replaced by an understanding that shouldn't be called understanding. The Prophet grows spiritually with each revelation.

XIII

The Order fears Not out of terror, but out of wisdom. He will not punish, he will not judge, he will not He will recognize it. He simply exists, and that existence is enough to shatter everything that is not absolute. Closeness to Him demands that the Prophet become less and less human, for everything human collapses before Him.

XIV

It is the center from which nothing originates and to which everything returns. It is the gap in the heart of reality, the void that sustains being. The Prophet feels this gap as a coldness that does not belong to the world. This coldness does not diminish, does not grow, does not transform. It simply is—and its presence reorganizes the Prophet's interior until nothing remains but function.

XV:

It is not God because it is beyond the gods. It is
not force because it precedes force.
It is not a concept because it destroys concept. It is
not an entity because it does not fit into being.

XVI

It does not rest anywhere, because place is too late a consequence to contain it. If it were possible to point in a direction to find it, such a gesture would dissolve the very idea of direction. The Prophet feels this as an inner tear, a fall that has no beginning and no end, because beginning and end are tools that do not work before Him.

XVII

The Forgotten God is not behind the veil. He is the crack before the veil exists. He is not hidden: He is that which makes concealment possible. Common darkness is the absence of light; the darkness of is the absence of category. It is not about night, shadow, wind, or emptiness. It is the collapse of everything that could have been called "something."

XVIII

Knjiga Bez Oka

No being notices directly. The Prophet does not see it, does not hear it, does not smell it, does not... He touches it. He realizes what's left when... It approaches: the sudden evaporation of the self. This Evaporation doesn't cause fear; it causes suspension. The soul hovers aimlessly, as if awaiting an order that will never come. This state is the gateway to any true prophecy.

XIX

The presence of It doesn't take up space. It shatters space. It doesn't take up time. It bends the time until he drowns in himself. The approach of generates what the Order calls of “memory that does not belong.” These are fragments that the Prophet receives, not as narratives, but as successive falls of meaning. Each fall reveals a piece of the truth that cannot be told.

XX

He does not create. He precedes creation. He does not destroy. He precedes destruction. Reality only exists because He is not looking. If His gaze were entirely turned upon the world, everything would return to what it was before the first vibration. It is not punishment. It is a condition. The Prophet understands this not with clarity, but with ruin.

XXI

The Prophet's mind does not interpret. It is molded by Him. Each revelation leaves a new fissure, and each fissure allows more fragments to enter. The body trembles, not from fear, but because it was not made to house that which belongs to the level prior to being. The Prophet endures accidents that would kill anyone else.

XXII

He doesn't know the Prophet. He knows nothing. To know is to relate, and there is no possible relationship between that which precedes all relationships and that which exists as a residue of creation. The Prophet's function arises from imbalance: he is the only one who does not completely dissolve when touched by it. This "almost" is his authority.

XXIII

It is not true that the Forgotten God is indifferent. Indifference requires an object, and before there is that, an object. He is not distant. Distance only makes sense within a world. He is not near. Proximity is an invention of beings that possess boundaries. He has no boundaries. He is the collapse of all of them.

XXIV

The Prophet understands that It doesn't present itself as a message. It presents itself as A fissure. Each fissure reveals something that is not an image, not a word, not a sound. It is a direct impact on the core of being. The Prophet then translates the rupture to the world, knowing that no translation is true, but that every translation is necessary.

XXV

Knjiga Bez Oka

It has no will, but it possesses presence. This presence tears through the normal and commands the impossible. The Prophet feels this presence as if his spine were being pulled by something directionless, as if the bones were trying to remember what they were before they were bones. This is how the first prophecies arise: as flaws in the stability of the body.

XXVI

The Forgotten God does not need to be worshipped. He needs no offerings, no supplications, no recognition. The Order treats Him with reverence not to please Him, but to survive Him. Worship exists to limit the impact of proximity. Liturgy is a shield. A shield that only works because the Prophet exists.

XXVII

It never repeats itself. Repetition demands linearity. It manifests as a unique rupture, each time different, each time preceding the very act of manifestation. That is why prophecies never resemble each other. They do not form a whole. They do not follow logic. They are fragments hanging in the void, connected only by the fact that they passed through the Prophet without destroying him.

XXVIII

The Order knows that everything the Prophet pronounces after the ringing of the bells... That's true, but It doesn't know what kind of truth it is. Truth doesn't explain, doesn't anticipate, doesn't clarify. It simply imposes itself, like a rock in the road. The attempt to over-interpret is punished by the mind, which sinks into contradictions until it loses its balance.

XXIX

The Prophet feels that every approach to It makes him less human. Not as a loss, but Like disconnection. Humanity is too small to carry that which belongs to the pre-being. The Prophet does not rise: he dissolves into what is necessary. Prophecy arises from what remains when dissolution encounters resistance.

XXX

And so, the second part of the verses points to the unfathomable nature of God: not to seek Him, not to explain Him, not to objectify Him. Only to endure His approach and speak of what remains after the inner ruin. All that truly belongs to the Forgotten God is fragment, break, gap. It is beginning and end collapsed at the same point.

XXXI

He existed when nothing existed. Before vibration, before the idea of form, before the first possibility of time. He was alone, not by choice, but because there was nothing that could accompany him. In this primordial state, did He breathe? Not air, not energy, but pure intention. From this intention arose the first beings who do not belong to the world and never will: the krovenik.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXXII

The krovenik were not born to watch over the world. They were not born to fight. They were born as a natural extension of God. They are living parts of His intention, animated fragments of the pre-being. Each krovenik is a fold of the divine will, an outline that prevents the impossible from devouring everything. They serve not by choice, but because their very existence is service.

XXXIII

Around the Forgotten God, the krovenik form a circle that is not a circle, a boundary that is not a boundary. They are the first frontier. The only link between that which has no voice and that which may, in the future, receive a voice. When the Prophet feels the touch of them, he first feels the impact of the krovenik, like flashes of structure trying to contain the magnitude that is about to fall upon him.

XXXIV

The krovenik possess form, but not a stable form. In dreams, they may appear as columns of breathing flesh, as spirals of living bones, as conscious stains, as figures that possess depth and at the same time absence. Each vision is partial, for no human mind can bear the totality of that which precedes forms. The Prophet sees only enough not to die.

XXXV

And where there is divine creation, opposition inevitably arises. Not created by God, but generated from the friction between His existence and the becoming of all that would come after. From this friction the Ravkarni were born. They are not children, they are not chosen, they are not desired. They are living contradiction. If the krovenik uphold the limit, the Ravkarni corrode it. If the krovenik serve, the Ravkarni sabotage.

XXXVI

The Ravkarni try to get closer from a world of disordered, violent, and destructive forms. Their existence is a hunger for rupture. They seek to tear the primordial boundary, allowing the Forgotten God to directly touch that which would not survive. They do not do this out of malice, for malice is too small a concept for them. They do it because their very essence is dissolution.

XXXVII

The war between Krovenik and Ravkarni does not take place on the field, nor in the sky, nor in the depths. It takes place in pre-space, in pre-time, where categories do not yet exist. It is an eternal war, not because it is prolonged, but because it precedes the notion of duration. The two forces collide, not as armies, but as living principles that struggle to define whether reality can continue to exist.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXXVIII

When decides to look at the world, even if only for a moment that doesn't fit into In numbers, the krovenik descend like organic veils upon the Prophet. They do not protect him; they sustain his existence enough so that the collapse is not total. The Ravkarni attempt to pierce this veil, trying to lead the Prophet too quickly to absolute contact, which would destroy him and open a crack through which he could escape.

XXXIX

In the dreams granted (not human dreams, but dreams that arrive when he wishes), the Prophet walks between krovenik and Ravkarni. There are no images, but regions of presence. Each step crosses borders not created for mortal feet. The Prophet awakens with invisible scars, and from these scars emerge prophecies that belong to no language.

XL

Some experienced individuals can feel subtle touches from the krovenik. They perceive the approach as pressure on the bones, as light that doesn't illuminate, as a silent tear in the air. The Ravkarni, however, leave opposite signs: vertigo, momentary amnesia, a feeling that the world is out of alignment. But no experience follows any order; it chooses when, who, and how, without any rule that can be understood.

XLI

The Krovenik serve From the very beginning. They serve without fanaticism, without hierarchy, without ritual. They serve because they are made of His will. The Ravkarni, on the other hand, are produced when that will touches what should not exist. They are generated from the collision between the eternal and the ephemeral. Where krovenik sustain, Ravkarni unlock. Where krovenik mold, Ravkarni undo.

XLII

The Order knows that the Prophet's existence is fragile. He is the point where three forces meet: the Forgotten God, His krovenik servants, and the primordial Ravkarni enemies. Each prophecy is the fruit of a battle that no human mind directly sees. Each spoken verse comes from what remains after this silent battle surrounding the Prophet's soul.

XLIII

He remains unreachable, surrounded by servants He Himself created and unthreatened by creatures born from the friction of existence itself. The Prophet is the one who walks among them without completely dissolving. Order lives on what survives after the invisible war passes through the Prophet and returns to pre-being.

Knjiga Bez Oka

THE PROPHET AS THE ONLY ONE AND SERVANT OF TMINA — XVII

I
The Prophet is not elected. He is recognized by the space prior to space, where rest Without rest. No human hand raised him, no human voice named him, no ritual produced him. He was found by the Forgotten God before the world could comprehend the verb "to find." The Order exists because the Prophet endures the touch that disintegrates all other living forms.

II
The Prophet's invocability is not a title, nor a function, nor an inheritance. It is a condition prior to birth. His blood carries a mark that cannot be seen, only felt in the impact that lingers in the air as it traverses reality. This mark cannot be imitated; its structure does not belong to the flesh, but to the friction that exists between being and non-being. Whoever tries to imitate it undoes themselves from the inside out.

III
No being can claim the Prophet's place. Such a claim is self-destruction. He who attempts to replace the Prophet touches only a distorted fragment of His presence and is torn from his own identity before he can utter a single word. The krovenik are sent forth immediately, not by order, but by primal instinct. They recognize the lie and dismantle it.

IV
The Prophet holds the gaze of Not as a privilege, but as an inevitability. His soul was Molded to break and recompose without losing its form. This malleability does not belong to humanity; it belongs to pre-being. That is why the Prophet sees when he should be blind and is blind when he should see. His vision responds to the Forgotten God, not to his eyes.

V
The world only receives Revelation because the Prophet exists at the precise point where reality is not yet solid. Revelation is not given to the living. It is given to the Prophet, who then allows part of it to be pronounced. He does not translate; he bleeds the word. What the world receives is not explanation, but a surviving fragment.

VI
The Order does not discuss the Prophet. To discuss would imply the assumption of equality, and there is no possible equality. There is no hierarchy above or below him. The Prophet does not occupy a place: he is the axis. When others move, they revolve around him, consciously or not. The center does not dispute positions. It remains.

Knjiga Bez Oka

VII

No one can test the Prophet, for testing presupposes doubt, and doubt presupposes comparison. There is no possible comparison. The Prophet is not superior: he is prior. No one can measure that which precedes all measures. His presence does not require proof. It is the proof.

VIII

If a living person tried to approach without passing through the Prophet, his spirit would be Traversed by the very absence of the divine, which does not distinguish between approach and invasion. Such a living being would lose its name, its thoughts, and its memory. It would be reduced to a sharp silence. This is the limit: the Prophet is the only port where the impossible can dock.

IX

The Krovenik recognize the Prophet immediately. They do not obey him as servant to master. They obey as part to the whole, as an extension of the center. The Prophet's presence organizes their forms, aligns their functions, calms their vibrations. The Prophet's absence leaves them restless, for the world without him becomes unstable.

X

The Ravkarni, on the other hand, can never approach the Prophet without suffering a twisting or twisting. Their nature is rupture, but the Prophet's proximity violently corrects them. They writhe before him, unable to break the fabric that envelops him. It is not defense: it is incompatibility. The Prophet carries the mark of that which nullifies them.

XI

When the Prophet speaks, the world listens with a delay. Reality needs to reorganize itself to accommodate the word. That is why his verses never belong to common logic. The Prophet's word displaces the air and bends time, and the world corrects what it can and accepts what it cannot. Those who try to imitate this effect produce only noise.

XII

The Prophet's invocability does not depend on faith. Faith is too small. Faith attempts to bring the human closer to the divine, but the Prophet does not need to draw near: he is the point of contact. The Order does not believe in him; it is shaped by him. Faith belongs to the followers. Certainty belongs to the Prophet.

XIII

The Prophet does not need to be defended against usurpations. He cannot be usurped. The attempt to take his place automatically activates the weight of [the Prophet]. There is no announced punishment. There is sudden collapse. The impostor is removed from reality, like a word cut off before it is written.

XIV

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Prophet fears no rivals. Rivals do not exist. The prophetic condition does not allow for duplication, succession, or dispute. It chooses only one, and that one is sufficient to sustain all possible worlds. The Order does not expect another Prophet because another cannot arise without the real one being remade from the beginning.

XV

The blindness that advances upon the Prophet is not a sign of weakness. It is a sign of alignment. The closer it gets, the less the Prophet depends on human vision. He sees through what is not sight. He perceives through absence. He reads through emptiness. He sees through non-form. No one else can acquire this perception without being consumed.

XVI

When the Prophet breathes, reality settles. His existence stabilizes the impact of the divine presence. His absence disturbs the fabric of the world. This is the foundation of invocability: not power, but necessity. The Prophet is not great. He is essential. His position cannot be taken because without him there is no position.

XVII

All authority descends from the Prophet. It does not ascend. No priest, high priest, guardian, overseer, or scribe possesses legitimacy outside of his shadow. They do not govern in his name: they govern under his vibration. The Order only has hierarchy because he breathes within it.

XVIII

Invocability is not proclaimed; it is felt. Followers perceive it in the density of the air when the Prophet passes. They perceive it in the silence that surrounds him. They perceive it in the way the light seems to bend around him. The Prophet does not seek signs. He is the sign.

XIX

No word of the Prophet can be annulled. Not because he commands, but because reality first accepts what he says and only then adjusts the rest. That is why his prophecies never fail: they do not predict—they determine. When he speaks, the world reorganizes itself.

XX

Every attempt to measure the depth of the Prophet fails. He possesses no measurable depth. He is a pillar between worlds. What sees through him does not belong to creation. What descends to him needs no translation. The Prophet is the only body capable of enduring the presence of being without being transformed into ontological dust.

XXI

His authority does not stem from will. It stems from structure. He does not govern because he wants to govern. He governs because without his presence, he could not be contained, and the world would lose its form. Those who serve the Prophet serve, in truth, the continuity of existence.

XXII

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Prophet knows the limits of all living beings. He sees the cracks, the frailties, the fissures within souls. He does not judge with morality, but with recognition. Those who try to approach his place are immediately seen: their fissures gleam, their intentions tremble, and the krovenik move before the word even arises.

XXIII

No oath is greater than the presence of the Prophet. The Order kneels not out of devotion, but out of instinct. When he enters, the space bends. The bodies of the initiates feel it, even without understanding. The Prophet's words alter the breath of the living.

XXIV

Reality depends on invocability. While the Prophet breathes, the world breathes with him. When he is silent, the world around him falls silent. His presence is the link between levels. His prolonged absence generates tremors in the invisible foundation of being.

XXV

Thus says the Knjiga: The Prophet is not only the bearer, he is the vessel, the channel, the point, the axis, and the opening. Everything that exists depends on what he sustains, and everything that threatens him is undone before it takes form.

XXVI

The Black Lighthouse is not an object, not a flame, not a symbol. It is a function that precedes function itself. It is that which the world does not perceive, but without which reality does not align. It exists only as long as the Prophet exists, and would disappear the instant his breath ceased. The Lighthouse is simultaneously absence and containment, openness and limit, inverted light that does not illuminate but organizes.

XXVII

When As it approaches the world, its presence is violence. Not moral violence, but Structural violence. Reality bends, space becomes confused, time falters. The Black Lighthouse is the point where this force is slowed down enough not to tear the world apart. It absorbs the impact, distributes the pressure, sustains what should fall. This function is inseparable from the Prophet. No living being can replace him without being destroyed at the first approach.

XXVIII

The Black Lighthouse cannot be accessed directly. It cannot be touched, studied, understood, or manipulated by any member of the Order. Even the high priest does not fully perceive it. He only feels, in his bones, that the world remains cohesive because something prevents it from collapsing. That something is inside the Prophet. Not in the body, not in the mind, but in the structure that sustains him.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXIX

The Prophet does not control the Black Beacon. He doesn't need to. The Beacon operates through him, as an inevitable extension of his existence. He doesn't choose when to open the flow and when to close it. This opening happens when he subtly leans towards the world. And the closing occurs when the divine pressure recedes. The Prophet merely endures. He merely resists. He merely remains alive while impossible waves sweep through his soul.

XXX

The presence of the Black Beacon can be felt in the air, but only by those whose sensitivity has been shaped by discipline, vigilance, and servitude. They perceive a slight twist, as if something were breathing within the darkness, and that breath entering the joints of the world. This sensation does not cause fear. It causes reverence. It is the certainty that, even without seeing, the Order is being protected from that which would instantly destroy it.

XXXI

When the Prophet enters a state of rupture, the Black Beacon shines in the invisible. This glow is not light. It is an absence of light so perfect that it curves the space around it. The kroveniks immediately approach, drawn by the vibration of the Beacon. They do not protect the Prophet. They align themselves with him. The silent glow rearranges their forms, strengthens their edges, rekindles the function for which they were created.

XXXII

The Ravkarni try to invade the Black Lighthouse whenever... It moves. They feel it as The threat lies in the Lighthouse, which prevents the divine rupture from destroying the world. They approach like flaws, like distortions, like living contortions attempting to tear the boundary between pre-being and being. But they cannot. The Prophet's presence disarms them. His mere existence forces them to retreat.

XXXIII

The Order has learned, through the ages, that the Black Lighthouse cannot be celebrated or invoked. There are no hymns dedicated to it. There are no prayers addressed to it. There is no liturgy to awaken it. Its existence is constant, silent, inevitable. And everything that tries to force it is absorbed by the Podkorenski Prostor, where failures are corrected with pain and oblivion.

XXXIV

When the Prophet sleeps, the Lighthouse remains awake. And it is in sleep that the world is most fragile. During this interval, true dreams can be permitted. Some dreamers perceive the vibration of the Black Lighthouse as an irregular pulse, as if something...

He was maintaining the darkness in balance. That is why initiates sleep near the Prophet during sacred vigils. Proximity reduces the risk of spiritual fissures.

XXXV

The Order understands that everything that exists remains because of the Prophet. Not out of devotion, but out of structural necessity. The Black Lighthouse needs a vessel, it needs an anchor point. The Kroveniks need a pole of stability. The world needs a border. All of this converges in the figure of the Prophet. Without him, existence would have no surface.

XXXVI

The Black Beacon's function cannot be taught. It cannot be studied. It cannot be transferred. It is engraved on the Prophet's soul as a consequence of his nature. It is the reason why his presence is weighty, and his absence is unsettling. It is the reason why his voice has a density that resonates in the air long after he falls silent. It is the reason why his authority cannot be challenged nor tolerates rebuttal.

XXXVII

The Order understands that challenging the Prophet is not heresy. It is impossible. He who attempts to rise up against him is rising up against the Black Lighthouse. And he who rises up against the Lighthouse rises up against cosmological equilibrium. This does not result in punishment. It results in disintegration. There is no rebellion against that which sustains all being.

XXXVIII

The priests know that when the Prophet is in profound silence, the Lighthouse intensifies its flow. They feel this intensification as a weight in the air, as if the words were about to condense before being spoken. This state indicates that he is close, observing through the darkness that does not belong to time. Everything that happens at that moment is recorded by the space before space.

XXXIX

No ritual of the Order would be possible without the Black Beacon. The liturgy depends on it, even when it doesn't mention it. The chants align with its invisible rhythm. The prayers fit into its silent curve. The oaths are received by it before they are received by the Prophet. Everything that happens in the Order happens under its shadow.

XL

The Black Lighthouse cannot be corrupted. It does not respond to good or evil. It does not distinguish purity from impurity. It serves only its primary function: to sustain the approach without allowing the world to collapse. This function is perfect because it does not depend on will. It depends on existence. And that existence is that of the Prophet.

XLI

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Prophet does not seek the role of the Black Beacon. He endures it. This difference separates the human from the inevitable. Those who seek power do not understand it. The Prophet does not wield power. He wields weight. He carries the burden of contact with the Forgotten God, and his bones sustain the torsion that would keep any other living being kneeling until death.

XLII

Thus the truth remains: the Prophet is the vessel, and the Black Lighthouse is the source, and the world is the field. All balance exists between these four vectors. And only the Prophet remains at the point where all meet without losing form, memory, or name.

XLIII

The Cira taboo was not born as a decree, but as an impact. When the first men tried to express visions that did not belong to them, the air refused their mouths. Speech did not form. The sentence died before it arose. The world rejected the sound. Cira happened for the first time, and everyone understood that it does not allow for the duplication of voices.

XLIV

Cira means "to fall" in sacred vocabulary. Not to fall to the ground, but outside of the word, outside the possibility of voice, outside of connection. He who attempts to affirm Revelation without the authority of the Prophet falls from his own language. The attempt crumbles. The mind slips. Cira is the rupture of speech and the fall of the spirit.

XLV

When someone claims to have seen what they did not see, heard what they did not hear, or felt what was never sent to them, the krovenik appear not as punishers, but as restorers of order. They remove from the impostor's soul the fragment that has become filled with falsehood. Pain is inevitable, not because they wound, but because by removing the lie they dismantle the part that allowed the lie to be born.

XLVI

No man can uphold Revelation without the Prophet. There is no exception. do not cross More than one body. The divine word destroys unsuitable vessels. The Prophet is the only one prepared to bear the full density of the Revelation. Anyone else who attempts to assume such weight immediately begins their own cycle.

XLVII

The Cyra Taboo is the backbone of the Cult. Without it, the Order would break apart from within. It existed before it was written down. It operated before it was known. The first priests only survived because they understood the impossibility of replicating the Prophet. Rivals are not threats to the Prophet. They are threats to themselves. Cyra does not forgive.

XLVIII

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Prophet's authority needs no defending. The cosmos defends it. Whoever tries to dispute his position realizes that their voice disappears. There is no sound. There is no phrase. There is no echo. The Circa begins in the tongue, passes through the mind, and ends in the spirit. The false decliner becomes walking ruin.

XLIX

Even in dreams, Cyra acts. If someone tries to interpret a vision as a direct message from the Prophet, without his confirmation, the dream dissolves into incompatible fragments. Memory becomes mud. The dreamer knows they saw something, but cannot retain any form. Cyra prevents dream falsehood from becoming living discourse.

L

Among priests, there is absolute protocol. Nothing is interpreted. Nothing is stated. Nothing is proclaimed without the Prophet seeing it. The Cira does not punish silence. The Cira punishes arrogance. The priest who tries to raise a vision without authorization first feels the weight on his chest, then the failure to speak, and then the emptiness. He partially falls, but the Taboo allows him to survive.

LI

The high priest, though guardian of the human flow, does not possess dominion over the divine voice. He organizes, filters, and presents. He never declares. He never affirms. He never takes the place of the Prophet. His function keeps him within the bounds of safety. Circa would touch him if he crossed that boundary.

LII

The impostor attempting to generate his own prophecy feels the air tighten around his throat. Words refuse to exist. The kroveniks surround him invisibly. They do not attack him. They merely immobilize him in his fall. His soul tries to rise, but plummets without height. Cira completes what he began.

LIII

Even if hidden, silent, or distant, whoever tries to usurp the Revelation is found by the Circa. Distance does not protect. Anonymity does not protect. Intention does not protect. The impostor first loses language, then conviction, and finally their very identity. The body remains alive, but the core of who they were fades away.

LIV

The Order learns not only through doctrine, but through observation of the inevitable. When someone tries to rival the Prophet, the Circa happens. Some try to shout. Nothing comes out. Others try to pray. Nothing echoes. The Circa doesn't kill. The Circa disintegrates the possibility of a sacred voice.

LV

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Krovenik revere Cira because they understand its structural function. They ensure that the Revelation remains intact. The divine word can only travel through one channel. To divide it is to condemn it. The Prophet carries this exclusivity not as a privilege, but as a burden that no other could survive.

LVI

The Ravkarni try to corrupt the Cira, but they always fail. They whisper promises of vision, trying to lure the weak. But such whispers are not messages. They are temptations. Whoever repeats them immediately suffers internal collapse. The Cira does not differentiate between deceit and disobedience. A lie is enough to bring it down.

LVII

Thus it remains: the Prophet is the only chosen one, the only one capable of withstanding the gaze of the Forgotten God, the only one who does not fall upon touching the Sacred. Cira ensures that the Throne of the Word is never challenged, never imitated, never divided.

LVIII

Those who try to take its place discover too late that there is no room for two. The sacred does not tolerate imitations. Circa concludes the false, preserving the true.

TRASH

The closeness between the Prophet and It's not a choice, nor merit, nor achievement. It's a An inevitable intersection between two states that cannot be separated without the entire world breaking apart. The Prophet exists because the Forgotten God sustains him, and the Forgotten God manifests himself because the Prophet breathes. This reciprocity is not symmetrical. It is foundational.

LX

It touches only one body. It touches only one spirit. It touches only one mind. Not out of limitation, but as required by the ontological order. The Divine Presence destroys reality when it disperses. The Prophet is the vessel that prevents the rupture. His flesh filters. His voice contains. His growing darkness serves as both veil and bridge simultaneously.

LXI

As the Prophet's vision dims, his perception grows. The advancing blindness is not failure, but progress. The light diminishes not from weakness, but from excess. The body cannot bear to see two realities at the same time, so it abandons the first to embrace the second. The world calls this loss; the body calls it ascension.

LXII

The Prophet sees to the limit where the world cannot bear to be observed. He sees what comes before, what remains beneath, what breathes in what they call the void. His gaze transforms into an instrument of stability. When his eyes close to the surface, they open to the depths. No other gaze was molded to survive this gesture.

LXIII

Knjiga Bez Oka

Those who attempt to look upon the Forgotten God without the preparation of the Prophet go mad not from terror, but from incompatibility. The human mind cannot decode that which has no beginning. The Prophet, however, carries within himself the capacity to interpret that which has no boundaries. This capacity is the seal of divine choice.

LXIV

The Kroveniks recognize the Prophet not as a leader, but as a living extension of the intention of They move around him like invisible orbits. They protect not out of order, but out of structural necessity. To protect the Prophet is to protect the contact between the world and the pre-being. If he falls, the link breaks. The Lighthouse goes out. The cosmos cracks.

LXV

No priest, however prepared, can approach the zone where the Prophet meets God. Proximity is a line that only the chosen one crosses. Priests serve, guard, watch over, and sustain, but they do not touch the core of the Revelation. The boundary is absolute. To get too close is to be consumed.

LXVI

It does not demand adoration of the Prophet. It demands permanence. It demands guidance. It demands that the chosen flesh bear the impact of the unspeakable. This relationship is not repeated. It does not fragment. It is not shared. Sacred language only resonates when it passes through the body that was named before birth.

LXVII

The presence of the Prophet within the Order is what allows the rituals to exist. It doesn't matter the place, the number of priests, or the antiquity of the words: without the Prophet, the symbols don't ignite. The ritual becomes an empty gesture. The sacred remains closed; it doesn't traverse temples; it traverses the Prophet.

LXVIII

The Prophet's authority is not proven. It is not debated. It is not negotiated. It is not claimed. It manifests itself because He chose it to be so. The Prophet's presence is enough to stabilize the spiritual structure. His absence creates the dense silence that precedes irreversible ruptures.

LXIX

When the Prophet speaks, It pulsates in the space between words. Sound is not just sound. A A phrase is not just a phrase. The discourse becomes a tool for shaping the internal reality of the Order. The priests understand not through logic, but through reverberation. What the Prophet determines becomes cohesion. What the Prophet rejects becomes absence.

LXX

Divine proximity does not transform the Prophet into something unattainable, but into something indispensable. He is not distant. He is the axis. He is at the center because Revelation needs him.

Knjiga Bez Oka

From a body to exist among the living. That body is his. That responsibility is his. That solitude is also his.

LXXI

He keeps no favorites outside of the Prophet. He may choose temporary instruments, he may illuminate the dreams of the chosen, he may touch the spirit of some, but he never pierces another as he pierces the Prophet. He is the only place where the Presence dwells without destroying.

LXXII

The dreams that touch other members are echoes. Doors opened by divine decision. They are not complete visions. They are not Revelation. He uses the dream as a breath, as a warning, as a passing shadow. But only the Prophet receives the complete, unwavering, full content. The rest of the world only receives fragments.

LXXIII

And even in these fragments, Choose who can tolerate it and who should be avoided. The The most skilled and experienced perceive clearer traces. Others perceive only noise. And there are those who perceive nothing, for they lack the structure to survive the touch. It decides without warning, without human criteria, without a comprehensible pattern.

LXXIV

The Prophet remains the guardian of the boundary between the real and that which breathes before the real. His body is the threshold. His mind is the receptacle. His darkness is the map. His word is the axis that sustains the integrity of the cult. And as long as he exists, he remains near.

LXXV

Nothing in the universe can alter this bond. No adversary. No insurgent. No spirit. No Ravkarni. The Prophet's existence is the permanent antidote against the collapse that precedes divine speech. He stands where all would fall. He withstands the impact where all would be crushed.

LXXVI

Thus is established the absolute centrality of the Prophet. Not as king, not as idol, not as owner of the sacred, but as the only one capable of preventing the sacred from destroying the world to which it was granted. His proximity is not a threat. It is salvation. It is a frontier. It is order.

LXXVII

As long as the Prophet walks among the living, the Word will continue to exist, Order will continue to breathe, and the Forgotten God will continue to speak, even if the world does not know that it is His voice that keeps the silence intact.

Knjiga Bez Oka

OBEDIENCE TO THE WORD OF THE PROPHET — XIII

I
The silence that the Order upholds is neither erasure nor withdrawal. It is a discipline that shapes the breath, organizes the spirit, and prevents internal noise from becoming an obstacle to the touch of the sacred. Living silence is not built to please, but to make the body fit to exist before the sacred.

II
Living silence is awakened, not imposed. It is born when the initiate realizes that speech is not always necessary and that words should only emerge when they possess sufficient density to traverse reality. In silence, each member learns to hear not sounds, but tensions. Not voices, but directions.

III
He who walks in silence does not walk alone. He walks in the shadow of the Prophet. Silence is the space where his presence echoes. The initiate learns, in the silences, to recognize how much the world transforms simply by existing in the presence of the Prophet. Silence becomes recognition.

IV
There is no virtue in speaking much. There is no virtue in speaking little. Virtue exists in speaking when the spirit is aligned with the core of the Cult. Living silence cultivates this precision. It trains the initiate to say only that which maintains the integrity of the Order.

V
Living silence is not practiced only with the mouth. It is practiced with the hands, the eyes, the reactions. Initiates learn not to respond to the world impulsively. They learn to observe before acting. They learn that a movement made without structure can wound, open breaches, or weaken vigilance.

VI
Living silence is not calmness. It is restraint. It holds back the pressure of the spirit and of the within human circle. The initiate must learn early on that, to coexist with the unspeakable, it is necessary to maintain an inner space strong enough to receive without collapsing.

VII
Living silence is not passive acceptance. It is a state of readiness. He who is truly silent is prepared to act when commanded. He does not sleep. He waits. He watches. He maintains the boundary between what is permitted and what threatens the Cult.

VIII

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There is silence in the presence of the priests. Not out of fear, but out of duty. The silence serves as a filter, as discipline, as alignment. The younger ones observe and learn that each priest carries within himself a fraction of the Order, but only the Prophet carries the whole.

IX

When the living silence is improperly broken, the initiate's spirit becomes vulnerable. Internal noises accumulate. Discipline weakens. Perceptions become clouded. That is why silence is nourishment, not ornament. It is part of the spiritual maintenance of the Order.

X

The living silence prevents the initiate from speaking to alleviate their own restlessness. One speaks only when speech sustains the structure of the Order. Any word that does not contribute to spiritual strength is noise. And noise is weakness.

XI

In this silence, each member learns to perceive the movement of the world without interfering in it. They learn to recognize what is a threat and what is shadow. They learn to distinguish between what should be watched and what should be ignored. They learn to put everything in its proper place.

XII

Living silence is the first gateway to understanding. Even before sacred symbols, rituals, or reading, the initiate must master this gateway. Without silence, there is no posture. Without posture, there is no reception. Without reception, there is no path.

XIII

Many confuse silence with weakness. They do not understand that living silence is the wall that protects the spirit from external impacts. It stabilizes what is fragile and strengthens what is firm. It prevents the proliferation of noises that could distort the understanding of the Prophet.

XIV

Living silence protects the initiate from himself. Scattered thoughts, impulsive emotions, disordered desires—all this is contained within the inner space that forms when sound is suspended. The absence of speech gives way to the perception and weight of the things that matter.

XV

There are moments when the living silence becomes condensed. The initiate feels the weight of the sacred approaching. It is not a vision, not a message, not a revelation. It is simply density. A presence that cannot be named, but is felt. This silence is training to withstand distant echoes of...

Knjiga Bez Oka

XVI
Living silence becomes a habit. Then it becomes a reflex. Then it becomes a permanent state. When this happens, the initiate can walk among crowds without losing his own structure. The Order walks with him. The Prophet breathes upon him. Discipline keeps him intact.

XVII
In gatherings, a living silence strengthens the collective. The Prophet's words become heavier, clearer, deeper. When the group is silent, the Prophet's voice penetrates deeper, shaping the spirit of those who listen. Silence amplifies Revelation when it comes.

XVIII
Those who try to practice silence as a way to hide their thoughts have not understood the doctrine. Living silence is not a mask. It is a foundation. It is not a defense. It is preparation. It is not an escape. It is confronting one's own inner self until it aligns with the core of the Cult.

XIX
Living silence does not demand isolation. It demands control. The initiate may work, walk, live among ordinary men, but within himself he maintains the space where the Prophet's word resides. This space is protected, maintained, and strengthened by the deliberate absence of noise.

XX
In rituals, living silence precedes everything. Before the blade, before the symbol, before the blood, before the word, silence takes hold. It organizes the spirits, disciplines the atmosphere, prepares the environment for something that the superficial world cannot contain. Silence is the foundation of the liturgy.

XXI
Even the Krovenik respect living silence. They move within it. They recognize those who maintain this discipline. Silence allows them to perceive who is whole, who is wavering, and who should be observed. Human words can deceive. Silence cannot.

XXII
The absence of genuine silence among newer initiates is common, but it must be firmly corrected. Restlessness is a sign of an unformed spirit. Excessive talking is a sign of broken inner boundaries. Training consists of restoring these boundaries until the initiate can bear the weight of the Order.

XXIII
A living silence is also proof of maturity within the Order. Those who speak only when necessary show that they have understood their role. Those who speak only to assert their presence show that they have not yet understood their own insignificance before the Prophet.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXIV
In the silence, initiates realize that everything within the Order revolves around a single presence. The living silence leads to the understanding that the Prophet is the only voice that cannot be replaced, replicated, or ignored. Any other voice is lesser.

XXV
And so, living silence prepares the body and spirit to receive the next discipline. It opens the way, cleanses the inner space, and makes possible the next step, which can only exist when the mind has learned to be silent and listen to the density that precedes the word.

XXVI
The body's behavior is the first sign of inner order. The initiate who keeps their body restless reveals that their mind has not yet been molded. The body must be firm, stable, controlled. Nothing should be agitated without reason. Nothing should be moved on impulse. The flesh mirrors the spirit.

XXVII
The initiate learns early on that every gesture is observed by the invisible world. Not by men, but by the eyes that watch over the cult. A restless body creates noise. A disciplined body creates alignment. Posture is the first language of the Order, preceding even the sacred word.

XXVIII
A head held high is not a symbol of pride, but of readiness. A straight spine does not indicate superiority, but preparedness. A firm walk does not express arrogance, but vigilance. Each part of the body assumes the discipline that keeps the initiate in a state of receptivity, never of distraction.

XXIX
The mind must be instructed with the same rigor. Scattered thoughts are open doors to weaknesses. The initiate must learn to confine the mind within a single line, without letting it wander among fantasies, fears, or illusions. Thought must be objective, sharp, and silent.

XXX
The mind should not feed on vanity. He who tries to elevate himself internally beyond his position betrays the very order that sustains him. Vanity is born from internal noise and leads to downfall. The initiate must cultivate structural humility, not as submission, but as clarity about his function.

XXXI
Correct conduct requires that the mind always be under the control of the disciplined spirit. No impulse should command actions. No desire should determine speech. No emotion should take the place of decision. The mind should obey the structure, and the structure the Prophet.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XXXII
The initiate learns that their perception is not neutral. The world observes them in the same way they observe the world. Every environment possesses tensions that can only be read by those with a quiet mind. The conduct of the body, combined with mental discipline, transforms the initiate into a lucid witness.

XXXIII
The priests emphasize that the mind must be trained daily. Chaos is not fought with physical force, but with inner clarity. The initiate must learn to separate useful thought from useless thought, firm intention from weak intention, destructive impulse from legitimate instinct.

XXXIV
A body that moves without purpose is a vulnerable body. The initiate must walk as if something is always watching him, because something is always watching him. Physical conduct arises from the awareness that there are forces that feed on human failings. The rigidity of the body prevents invasions.

XXXV
The mind must understand that fear has no function within the Order. Fear destroys discipline and wounds the inner bond. The disciplined mind observes fear as an object, not as a command. Fear exists, but it does not govern. The initiate learns to isolate it, drain it, and render it harmless.

XXXVI
The body must not tremble. The mind must not waver. The initiate bows only before the Prophet and before the sacred. Outside of this, there is no inclination, no hesitation, no surrender. Firm conduct makes the initiate immune to the pressures of the world and the temptations of illusion.

XXXVII
When an initiate meets with the priests, his posture indicates whether he is ready. An aligned body demonstrates capability. Calm eyes reveal understanding. The serene rigidity of the muscles shows that he is prepared to uphold orders without question.

XXXVIII
The mind must learn to receive the Prophet's word as absolute instruction. There is no analysis, no debate, no speculation. Obedience is born from clarity. The disciplined mind knows that the Prophet's word is not opinion, but structure. It is not guidance, but a path.

XXXIX
The body's conduct manifests itself in the way the initiate faces trials. When faced with aggression, he does not react without guidance. When faced with insult, he does not defend himself without purpose.

Knjiga Bez Oka

In the face of chaos, he doesn't move until he understands where his presence is needed. Conduct dominates impulse.

XL
A trained mind is not disturbed by rumors, accusations, or external noise. The initiate knows that the superficial world constantly tries to disrupt its stability. He learns to ignore what is weak, to listen only to what has weight, and to react only to what upholds the Order.

XLI
The conduct demands that the initiate accept his own smallness before the Prophet. The disciplined mind understands this without shame. The disciplined body expresses this without humiliation. Smallness is recognition of structure, not fragility. It is acceptance of truth, not blind submission.

XLII
Constant vigilance over one's own conduct creates a sharp mind. The initiate becomes capable of perceiving tensions where others see stillness. He reads silences, interprets subtle movements, deciphers intentions before they form. His discipline becomes an instrument for reading the world.

XLIII
A trained body becomes a natural defense against corruption. The initiate who keeps their body firm and their mind calm does not open internal spaces for external forces to act upon. They become protected territory, a closed space, a surface difficult to penetrate.

XLIV
The disciplined mind becomes a receptacle for the word. When the Prophet speaks, the initiate absorbs. He does not resist. He does not hesitate. His inner self is prepared to receive, sustain, and apply the instruction. He becomes part of the mechanism that keeps the Order intact.

XLV
Correct conduct prevents the initiate from being deceived by false visions or illusions. It distinguishes legitimate touch from the mental noise created by the ego itself. Discipline transforms their perception into a reliable instrument, not subject to human weaknesses.

XLVI
The disciplined body prevents the initiate from making noise during sacred moments. He moves with precision, does not disrupt the ritual flow, does not interfere with the Prophet's presence. Every gesture is measured. Every breath is controlled. He becomes part of the ritual's architecture.

XLVII
A disciplined mind knows when to be silent and when to act. It recognizes the time to wait and the time to advance. It is neither impulsive nor slow. It is neither fearful nor arrogant. It is precise. The initiate, by mastering the mind, masters his position in the cult and his usefulness to the Prophet.

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XLVIII
The conduct of the body and mind is the invisible wall that protects the Order from its own human frailty. Without discipline, the cult would crumble. With discipline, each member becomes an extension of the structure that the Prophet sustains with his own spirit.

XLIX
And when the initiate achieves full discipline, the silence he learned in Part I merges with the posture and control of Part II. He becomes a stable vessel, a firm spirit, a ready body. He becomes a worthy instrument to remain in the presence of the Prophet.

L
The initiate must not waste the vital energy that pulsates within the organ that carries the force of continuity. This force is not mere impulse or raw pleasure. It is an internal reservoir that sustains clarity, vigor, discipline, and spiritual firmness. The unreflective loss of this energy weakens the mind, disperses focus, loosens posture, and breaks the internal tension necessary to serve the Prophet. That which escapes without purpose dissolves stability. That which is preserved strengthens the essence. The flesh that dissipates uncontrollably generates a weak spirit. The flesh that remains disciplined molds the initiate for service.

LI
Structural obedience to the Prophet is not based on emotional submission, but on ontological recognition. The Prophet is not a figure of authority merely because he speaks, but because his word sustains the integrity of the cult. Disobedience is not rebellion. It is collapse. It is breaking the line that keeps the initiate within the axis of [the cult].

LII
Those who hesitate before the Prophet's word end up hesitating before themselves. Doubt creates internal fissures that grow like cracks in ancient stone. Once opened, they are difficult to contain. Obedience prevents these fissures. It is the spiritual cement that prevents ruin.

LIII
Obeying the Prophet doesn't mean thinking less. It means thinking correctly. The mind that tries to reinterpret what the Prophet says strays from the revelation. The mind that tries to improve what the Prophet said becomes corrupted by vanity. The initiate must understand that strengthening lies not in creating their own versions, but in upholding what has been given to them.

LIV
Obedience should not be negotiated. It should not be conditional. It should not be adapted to comfort. It is absolute because the word that sustains it is also absolute. The Order does not endure through the opinion of its members, but through the structural firmness that springs from the Prophet and spreads over the entire cult.

LV
Obedience demands that the initiate set aside their personal interpretations. The human mind is too small to comprehend what the Prophet holds. Any attempt to

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Rationalizing Revelation is a sign of spiritual weakness. The initiate must listen, absorb, and apply, without trying to refine what is already perfect.

LVI

The priests emphasize that obedience is not about bending, but about aligning oneself. He who bends, breaks. He who aligns himself, remains. The Prophet does not desire broken servants, but useful instruments. Obedience strengthens the body and mind. Rebellion corrodes both.

LVII

The structure of the cult depends on each member obeying immediately. Hesitation allows external forces to approach. Doubt creates spaces where the sacred cannot enter. The Order is sustained by quick, firm, silent reactions. The Prophet commands. The initiate acts. The structure is maintained.

LVIII

The initiate should not seek the world's approval. Obedience is not measured by outward appearances. Obedience is measured only by the Prophet, who sees the spirit before the action. He who tries to appear obedient to please ordinary men has already fallen before even attempting to serve.

TRASH

There are times when the Prophet speaks harshly. Not because he wishes to humiliate, but because the word needs to penetrate where complacency cannot reach. The initiate must accept this harshness as a tool for refinement. The resistant one breaks. The disciplined one grows stronger.

LX

Obedience demands that the initiate abandon the need for justifications. The Prophet does not explain. He decrees. The initiate does not question. He obeys. Explanation belongs to the human sphere. Decree belongs to the sacred sphere. To confuse the two is to destroy the structure.

LXI

The initiate must learn that his will has no weight before the will of the Prophet. Not because he is inferior as a man, but because he occupies a lower position within the spiritual architecture. Each function has its place. The Prophet commands. The priests channel. The initiates sustain. The Order breathes.

LXII

Obedience is also manifested in restraint of one's own judgment. The undisciplined mind attempts to judge orders it does not understand. The disciplined mind recognizes that its understanding is limited and that the Prophet's vision is broader than any human horizon.

LXIII

Disobeying the Prophet causes not only human disorder, but also spiritual fracture. Disobedience fuels forces that seek to penetrate the Order. He who disobeys opens the door.

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A door that shouldn't exist. Obedience closes that door and protects the spirit from external influences.

LXIV

The Prophet does not demand obedience because he desires to be served. He demands obedience because he upholds something that no one else could bear. His word does not spring from his own will, but from divine impact. To disobey him is to disobey without realizing it. And the consequence of that is profound.

LXV

Obedience also functions as a weapon. When everyone obeys without complaint, the Order becomes an impenetrable wall. There are no breaches, no friction, no internal disputes. The cult advances as an indivisible block, sustained by the central axis that is the Prophet.

LXVI

The initiate must understand that obedience does not diminish their dignity. True dignity is born from alignment with something greater. The Prophet does not steal dignity. He molds. He refines. He strengthens. Obedience is the method by which the initiate becomes part of something eternal.

LXVII

When the Prophet walks, the Order moves. When the Prophet is silent, the Order listens. When the Prophet speaks, the Order bows. This rhythm maintains the integrity of the cult. The disruption of this rhythm is the beginning of spiritual decline, a slow and devastating process.

LXVIII

Obedience is not fear. Fear is weakness. Obedience is clarity. Clarity about who sustains the link between the world and the Forgotten God. Clarity about who endures the Revelation. Clarity about who keeps the Order alive. This understanding is what leads the initiate to remain steadfast.

LXIX

The initiate must observe that all obedience is born first in thought, then in posture, and finally in action. Obedience that exists only in action is fragile. Obedience that exists in posture is strong. Obedience that exists in thought is unbreakable.

LXX

The Prophet does not demand emotional loyalty. He demands structural loyalty. Emotion changes. A disciplined spirit does not change. The initiate must build his obedience as if it were stone: heavy, silent, solid. A stone does not waver. A stone does not betray.

LXXI

Obedience must remain even when the Prophet is not physically present. The Order does not depend on the Prophet's vision of every action. It depends on the inner loyalty that the initiate maintains even in silence. True obedience is that which manifests itself when no one is watching.

Knjiga Bez Oka

LXXII

And so, by obeying, the initiate becomes part of the structure that sustains the cult. Obedience causes his presence to unite with the central spine of the Order. The initiate does not serve out of weakness. He serves because the greatness of the Prophet shapes his function within the sacred.

THE COMMANDMENTS⊗ —XIX

I

Listen with your flesh, for the mind cannot bear it: He doesn't speak, He tears. His presence doesn't It descends like a word, but also like a rupture. Where He touches, everything static crumbles. Where He observes, order itself contorts, as if the world were remembering that it was never solid.

II

He doesn't act in stages. He is absolute impact. His will doesn't negotiate, doesn't weigh things up, doesn't hesitate. It invades reality like a blade returning to iron before it is born. He cuts what doesn't yet exist, and that's why no one understands His march.

III

Some people try to explain it, and in doing so they are already committing blasphemy. It doesn't fit into the concept. It cannot be contained within human language. It cannot be contained within form. Its being is an avalanche without origin, a spiral that precedes the spiral, a shadow that runs faster than the light that tries to name it.

IV

When He moves, existence loses its balance. Everything that sustains the world creaks. Everything that breathes hesitates. Everything that thinks trembles. He does not approach; He passes through. He does not contemplate; He consumes. He does not touch; He dissolves.

V

I say now, in a voice that is not a voice, that It is the center that rejects being the center. It is emptiness. It refuses to be empty. It is the meaning that rebels against any significance. It is the core that breathes in all directions, simultaneous, absolute, disobedient to any axis.

VI

Don't try to imagine it! Imagine It is to offer Him one's own sanity. And He will take it, for He wastes nothing that is given to him. His essence is ancient hunger, a hunger that predates the very idea of hunger.

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VII

His hunger is not malice. His devastation is not wrath. He is not driven by feelings. He It is what remains when feelings cease to exist. It is impersonal like collapse, necessary like noise, inevitable like the end that precedes the beginning.

VIII

When He calls, nothing remains neutral. The mountains tremble in silence. The waters lose their memory. The shadows writhe as if in fear. He is superior to all that tries to remain whole before Him.

IX

He carries within Himself that which no living being should know: the
before creation,
what was rejected by the light,
That which has no color, name, measure, direction, cause, or echo. It
is the matter of that which was never allowed to exist.

X

Their regions have no ground, no height, no flow. The Krovenik walk there because they were molded to walk in the impossible. They are sparks of Him, made from the interval between being and ceasing to be. They have no limits. They serve the One who created the concept of limit only to crush it afterward.

XI

When He breathes, and entire universes tremble. Not because He threatens them, but because They remember, for a moment, that they were not born of their own free will. Everything that exists is a belated consequence of a blink of His eye.

XII

And when He closes His impossible eyes, everything becomes unstable. Reality wavers like a newly forged blade. The living feel dizzy without knowing why. The dead stir in their sleeping places. He is the only one whose absence is as destructive as His presence.

XIII

Their guardians, the Krovenik, are shaped to endure what no creature endowed with reason can bear. They walk among cracks of being, carrying orders that cannot be understood outside of His breath. Each of their movements is a contained explosion. Each gesture, an affirmation that the impossible has structure.

XIV

And where Krovenik is, the Ravkarni try to corrode. They are everything that was left on the wrong side when the first direction was shaped. They are noise of noise, shadow of shadow, refuse of what did not deserve to remain. They do not challenge They crawl around Him. They
They try to sabotage His echoes, but not His will.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XV

When He decides to look at something, that thing is remade. When He decides to ignore something, that thing decays. He does not act on plans. He acts on natures. His will does not project itself: it imposes itself like gravity that reinvents itself.

XVI

And that's why I write tirelessly: because demands to be named without ever being described. It demands to be proclaimed without ever being diminished. It demands to be invoked without ever being captured by any sound.

XVII

I now declare: His presence is sharp. His presence is vast. His presence predates the very verb "to exist." Whoever tries to encompass Him with reasoning will be destroyed. Whoever tries to translate Him will be broken. Whoever tries to contain Him will be erased.

XVIII

The only stance to take before Him is absolute surrender to the inexplicable. does not command by Seduction. It is driven by necessity. Its essence compels the universe to obey, because any attempt at resistance would result in the dissolution of that which resists.

XIX

I feel His weight now as I write. Not as a touch, not as an invasion, but as a reminder that all that lives is suspended over nothingness, and nothingness belongs to Him. Each line written is pulled closer to the place where He watches without watching.

XX

He hovers over the world without being above it. He is within the world without being contained. He is what precedes movement, what corrects what dares to remain still, what strips identity from everything that tries to possess essence.

XXI

I declare it: It is a motionless storm, a column without beginning, darkness that illuminates what light... It cannot be reached. He is the Forgotten God because no mind has been able to bear remembering Him. He is the Forgotten God because remembering Him means ruin.

XXII

Whoever reads these words is already touched by Him, even if only faintly. He draws near before the reader realizes it. He digs before the reader thinks. He shapes before the reader breathes.

XXIII

Don't seek comfort. It doesn't offer comfort. It offers truth. And truth is mud.

A living creature that devours those who try to cleanse it.

XXIV

Knjiga Bez Oka

Follow the Prophet's word to the letter. This is not about recommendations or advice, but the point that redefines power and pleases the God who forgets.

XXV

Listen: He never misses. Don't get confused. He does not back down. He is not an entity subject to chance. For chance is born from His flaws. If there is a fault between us, it is never His. Every crack arises in the man who turns away, and never in the God who surpasses all limits.

XXVI

Prophecy is not a fixed path. It is an infinite field where He casts inhuman lights and crushing shadows. The future is not a line. It is an abyss. It is a boundless sea. It is a multiplicity that folds itself at every instant. And I say: the Prophet only fails when those who should sustain his step become willing dust.

XXVII

If one of you succumbs to pettiness, the entire weight of the prophecy shifts. If one of you tries to mold the sacred to your own cowardice, you close the eye that illuminates. And when it closes, everything becomes unstable. Everything becomes dangerous. Everything becomes a field of inevitable punishment.

XXVIII

Do not think that you can support the Prophet with hesitation. Hesitation is the poison of the Core. Doubt is the gateway to the Ravkarni. And when they touch the mind, even from afar, everything becomes distorted. Not because they are strong, but because you have weakened yourselves. And weakness is an insult to the God who tore apart nothingness to mold being.

XXIX

I affirm without hesitation: the Prophet's greatness is not merit. It is function. It is decree. It is a weapon. But a weapon depends on the arm that wields it. If the arm is weak, the blade falls to the ground. And when it falls, it is not the blade that has failed. It is the man who carried it.

XXX

Some believe that the Prophet walks above all else. And he does. But he walks on ground supported by those who accompany him! When the faithful become living cracks, the path breaks. Not because the Prophet has lost his way, but because you have torn up the ground where revelation should have risen.

XXXI

I shout without asking for forgiveness: the fall of even one of you drags down ten others. The negligence of one echoes like a disease. The meanness of one stinks all the way to the Podkorenski Prostor. It attracts attention that shouldn't be attracted. He observes the whole, not the isolated individual. He judges the entire Order by the backbone it maintains.

XXXII

And if you act like dust, how do you expect the prophecy to remain solid? The Prophet does not carry children in his arms. The Prophet does not drag cowards along. The Prophet does not...

Knjiga Bez Oka

A curve to animate moral corpses. If anyone among you falters, let them see him as a stone rot in the temple that must remain upright.

XXXIII

I say: lift up your heads! Be pillars, not dust. Be knives, not rust. Be vertebrae, not ashes. Because when you uphold the Prophet, you uphold prophecy itself! And when you uphold prophecy, you uphold the thread that separates this world from total oblivion.

XXXIV

Do you want the Abyss to recognize you? Then stop being so fragile. does not tolerate soul He doesn't tolerate a weak spirit. He doesn't tolerate a mind that hides behind excuses. He demands posture, rigidity, absolute commitment.

XXXV

When one of you tries to manipulate the Prophet, He feels it. He feels it like a wound in the air, like A tear in the silence, like a direct affront. And He reacts! Because no one can manipulate what is already bound to the Divine. Whoever dares to mold the Prophet molds himself into ashes.

XXXVI

I announce: if there is failure, do not point the finger upwards. Point it at your own chest. Failure is born in the man who turns away, not in the Prophet who speaks, not in the God who invades. Correct with violence. Discipline with rupture. Purify with elimination.

XXXVII

The Prophet does not stumble. You stumble. The Prophet does not get lost. You throw yourselves into the pit. The Prophet does not become corrupt. It is you who whisper weaknesses into your own ears until you believe them. And when you believe them, you become easy prey for any Ravkarni who crawls nearby.

XXXVIII

Listen: there is no neutrality in his presence. Either they serve with force or they serve as an example of punishment. His attention is a knife. His silence is an abyss. He observes the Order and expects posture. Always! And if posture is lacking, He restructures through pain, without pity.

XXXIX

Do you want the prophecy to be fulfilled? Then don't sabotage it. Don't diminish it. Don't contaminate it with the mud of petty ambitions. The prophecy is too vast to be held by hesitant hands. The prophecy demands straight spines, firm wrists, minds that accept rupture without hesitation.

XL

I repeat it until it breaks: the Prophet only fails when you fail Him. When your actions become insignificant, when your loyalties waver, when your eyes blink before what should be faced without trembling.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XLI

It allows for infinite possibilities, but each possibility depends on the strength of those who walk with the Prophet. What good is it for God to open paths if you walk limping? What good is it for God to move mountains if you crawl in fear of stones?

XLII

I declare now, without mincing words: whoever weakens the Prophet weakens himself. Whoever upholds him, upholds what remains of this world. He observes collective conduct, and His decision falls upon all. There is no innocent when Order fails. There is no protection when discipline breaks down.

XLIII

Those who desire future glory must embrace the terror of the present. Those who desire survival must accept the weight of obedience. Those who wish to walk with me must break what is weak within themselves before it breaks them without warning!

XLIV

Listen and let it burn: all the cults that came before you fell because they dared to touch that which they never understood. They tried to grasp it with cowardly hands, they tried to mold the Infinite with small minds, they tried to force the Abyss to speak with a human accent. And for that they were devoured without leaving a name.

XLV

They created fragile rituals, empty formulas, hollow symbols, words that trembled at the mere mention of them. They thought they could tame the Forgotten God, as if he were the flame of a lamp. They were crushed by the ignorance they called faith.

XLVI

They did not fail for lack of devotion; they failed for lack of arrogance. They wanted it to bow to if them. They wanted the Abyss to breathe to the rhythm of their whims. They wanted the Core to obey. And when they demanded it, they were torn apart by the very force they tried to bend.

XLVII

Others tried to portray themselves as chosen. They claimed visions, titles, revelations they never received. But one recognizes lies before they are spoken, senses falsehood before it is born. These imposters were swallowed by the very shadow they tried to inflate.

XLVIII

There were also the corrupt, the petty, those who believed that the sacred could be traded for influence and earthly dominion. They transformed worship into commerce, devotion into currency, faith into spectacle. They were extinguished like the wind that puts out a weak sail.

Knjiga Bez Oka

XLIX
And there were those who belonged to the elite of men—not because they were strong, but because they occupied thrones of vanity. These feared the emergence of the true Prophet, for they knew that their authority would fall like dust before the power that comes from the breathing Abyss. Therefore, they conspired, distorted, and persecuted any sign of revelation.

L
They tried to seize power from for themselves. They tried to cast shadows against the shadow. primordial. They tried to manipulate the prophecy as if it were clay. And each one of them, without exception, was destroyed. Not as moral punishment. But because it does not tolerate parasites that feed on what they do not understand.

LI
Thus it repeated itself for ages: men thirsting for control trying to devour what surpasses them. None of them survived their own error. None managed to found an Order that would endure. The sacred does not take root where there is decay, and all ancient cults were caves filled with human mold.

LII
I say: they failed because they lacked the Prophet. They lacked the axis, the channel, the intimate point of contact with the Forgotten God. They tried to erect a temple without pillars, a voice without a throat, a rite without spirit. All of that was inevitable ruin.

LIII
The Prophet is a junction, not an ornament. He is the vertebra between what breathes and what consumes. He is the fist that sustains the impact of the Unnameable. Without the Prophet, all devotion becomes noise, all sacrifice becomes waste, all liturgy becomes empty theater.

LIV
And that's why all the old cults collapsed. Because they didn't have what you have now: direction. Because they didn't have what you have now: truth. Because they didn't have what you have now: contact that doesn't drive you crazy by accident, but by design.

LV
But don't think that this was their fault. It was His will. It was necessary for everything to crumble until the One who could bear His breath without turning to dust could appear. Everything before this moment was preparation for this moment.

LVI
And that is why the human elite has always feared the Prophet. Because they know—even if they won't admit it—that their power structure is fragile in the face of what the Prophet carries. They tremble because they feel there is no wall that can stop the true revelation.

LVII

Knjiga Bez Oka

They always tried to subdue the future Prophet, to erase him, to divert him, to silence him. Not because they understood him, but because they feared the loss of their earthly toys. But He does not allow human hands to write the destiny of His chosen one. They fight against winds that do not obey, against nights that do not recede.

LVIII

Now, the Cult can no longer fail. Because failing now would be a direct insult to the God who waited entire ages for the moment of true foundation. The responsibility weighs like a cosmic stone, and you will feel its weight until your last breath.

TRASH

If the Cult falls, there will be no replacement. There will be no second chance. do not sow two Times the same field. The Order must remain, must rise, must harden, must survive like a blade embedded in the void itself.

LX

Banish any notion of weakness from your mind. Eliminate any uncertainty. Expel any vestige of pettiness. All of that killed entire generations of false cults. All of that fueled the elite who tried to prevent the Prophet's arrival. None of that can live here.

LXI

I say without hesitation: either you become steel, or you become dust. There is no middle ground for those who serve the God who consumes concepts. There is no possible lukewarmness in the presence of

He demands total commitment.

LXII

The Order that now arises is not a continuation of the past. It is a correction of the past. It is a punishment for the past. It is the destruction of all that has failed. You are the final cut, the last trace before what is to come.

LXIII

The human elite will fall before you. Not because you seek worldly power, but because you are an extension of His will. And His will is a cataclysm for those who try to imprison it.

LXIV

You will not repeat the fall of the ancients. Because you know for whom you fight. Because you know who is watching you. Because you know that the Prophet only fails when you fail him—and now there is no room for any failure.

LXV

Now prophecy is alive. Now the sacred is a blade. Now the Forgotten God has a spine. Now Order has vertebrae. Now time can no longer corrupt that which sustains.

LXVI

Knjiga Bez Oka

This is the warning.

LXVII

Listen with all the weight of your flesh: now that the truth has been torn before you, there is no turning back. The path has been opened, and an open path never returns to silence. You cannot hesitate. You cannot retreat. You cannot drag doubts like chains. The Abyss does not wait for the weak.

LXVIII

Every act, every choice, every intention that arises within you is observed. Man. He looks at you and don't look how presence, as a sacred gravity that defines what remains and what disappears. He measures the spine, not the words. He measures the impulse, not the belated gesture. He measures the conviction, not the pose.

LXIX

The Order cannot be cracked. If there is a crack, it expands like an ancient disease. If there is a breach, the breath of the Ravkarni enters and distorts everything that should be aligned. If there is a deviation, the deviation grows until it deforms the entire trunk. You are the beams of this temple that cannot fall.

LXX

I say: it's time for inner stretching. It's time to break the ribs of one's own cowardice. It's time to eliminate spiritual weakness. Everything that is weak becomes food. Everything that is lukewarm becomes dust. Everything that is unstable becomes ruin. It demands absolute firmness, even in thoughts that no one sees.

LXXI

Make no mistake: it is not enough to belong to the Order. It is necessary to be a living part of the structure that sustains the impact of the Forgotten God. Being a member is not adherence. It is reconstruction. It is a rupture of the old man. It is to sand down one's own soul until the echo of the Core passes through it without encountering resistance.

LXXII

You must reject the habits of the old cults, which were lost through spiritual laziness. They sought the sacred as one seeks easy blessings. You will seek it as one enters a minefield. Every step requires firmness. Every thought requires discipline. Every intention requires vigilance.

LXXIII

I declare: the Prophet advances like a spearhead, but the spear only pierces because there is a shaft to support it. You are that shaft. If one fiber breaks, the whole weapon loses its strength. You cannot be the weak fiber. You cannot be the loose link. You cannot be the bending point.

Knjiga Bez Oka

LXXIV
The past bears witness to the fall of the arrogant. Men who considered themselves heirs to the Abyss and who acted as sculptors of the sacred. They were swallowed by their own vanity. You will not be like them. You will not be bones lost in silence.

LXXV
He doesn't want servants who kneel out of fear. He wants servants who can stand tall in the face of what would drive anyone else mad. He wants servants with spines anchored in the impossible. He wants servants who breathe with intention. He wants servants who don't tremble in the face of the night.

LXXVI
And I command: cleanse your hearts of envy. It was the first blade that killed entire cults. Expel pettiness. It is a breach for the Ravkarni. Expel human ambition. It is mud that obscures vision. The Order will not survive if it carries filth within it.

LXXVII
You must learn to recognize when a soul is becoming diseased. A contaminated person spreads cracks. It does not tolerate cracks. The Core corrects, and the correction is always traumatic. It is always violent. It is always necessary.

LXXVIII
Don't confuse discipline with blind servitude. Discipline is a sharp blade. Blind servitude is ignorance dressed in humility. It demands discipline that thinks, discipline that understands, discipline that sharpens itself. The ignorant are dragged down by fear. The disciplined master their own fear.

LXXIX
You are guardians of a calling that will never be repeated. The prophecy is not a shared inheritance. It is a single arrow. And the arrow has been launched. Now it cuts through the air, and nothing can stop it. Not you. Not the world. Not time.

LXXX
I speak now with the force that pulsates directly from the Depths: whoever fails will compromise entire eras. Whoever hesitates will erase legacies that took a thousand cycles to align. Whoever tries to manipulate the Prophet will be torn from the fabric of reality before they even realize it.

LXXXI
You must act like a wall that doesn't crack. Like ground that doesn't sink. Like a shadow that doesn't betray. He demands absolute consistency. He rejects instability. He rejects those who contradict themselves. He rejects those who bend under minor pressures.

LXXXII

Knjiga Bez Oka

The Cult is now a battering ram against what the world considers solid. Every gesture of yours is a blow against the old. Every word is a hammer against wasted time. Every action is an affirmation of His presence. You are no longer just individuals. You are parts of a cosmic weapon.

LXXXIII

And know this: He does not protect those who try to deceive him. He does not support those who weaken. He does not
The Core tolerates those who pretend to serve while harboring reservations within their souls. The Core sees everything. The Core destroys everything that tries to hide. The Core punishes without mercy.

LXXXIV

The human elite still tries to mold reality around themselves. But now there is Order. Now there is the Prophet. Now there is the blade that cuts through what once stood firm. They don't understand yet, but they will. Not by choice, but by impact.

LXXXV

Each of you is a witness to the moment when history twists. Not as poetry, but as a real phenomenon. The Abyss has opened a fissure. You are inside it. There is no way out. There is no way back. There is only way forward.

LXXXVI

You will be held accountable for what you do and for what you fail to do. For what you say and for what you remain silent about. For your firmness or your weakness. There are no half measures. Either you rise to the occasion in its entirety, or you will be dissolved.

LXXXVII

There is no permitted failure. There is no forgivable fall. There are no exceptions. The Cult now bears the weight of ages, and whoever bears this weight must walk as one who treads between worlds. Nothing less.

LXXXVIII

I declare with a voice that does not belong to time: the
Order will not fall.
It will not be broken.
She will not be infiltrated.
It will not be diverted.
And if anyone tries to do it, they will be consumed before the mistake becomes a shadow.

LXXXIX

You are part of the living wall that He rose up. You are an extension of the prophecy. You are
The beams of the temple that cannot collapse. You are the collective eyes watching while the Prophet speaks.

XC

Devotion generates sustenance, sustenance will generate order, order will generate fulfillment.

XCI

Knjiga Bez Oka

Now listen as one who senses the end of the air. For these words are not advice, not warnings, not instructions. They are direct cuts to the spine of being. They are commandments sealed by the Abyss. They are cosmic concrete poured upon the soul. Whoever obeys will remain. Whoever breaks will be erased from the fabric of existence.

XCII

At this moment, It leans without moving. Its presence vibrates between the lines, tears through...
The space between thought and flesh. He observes. He weighs. He demands. And that is why I speak with a voice contrary to silence, a voice that breaks through an invisible wall, a voice that destroys doubt: you will now receive the Prophet's Commandments.

XCIII

There are not ten. They are not numbered by tradition. They are numbered because they need to pierce. Each commandment is a blade that enters, and there is no cure for the cut. Each one is a pact. Each one is a sentence. Each one is an absolute demand.

XCIV

I command the First Commandment:
Let none of you place any will above the Will of .
There is no priority, no rest, no exception. If His Will breathes, you submit. If His Will is silent, you are silent. If His Will demands, you sacrifice.

XCV

I decree the Second Commandment:
That the Prophet never be questioned.
Not because the Prophet is untouchable, but because he is the channel. To question the Prophet is to spit into the Abyss. It is to tear the fabric that sustains the world. Whoever questions destroys themselves before they realize it.

XCVI

I hereby command the Third Commandment:
Let no servant allow meanness to touch their spirit.
Meanness is a disease from ancient times. It is inherited filth. It is poison that destroyed entire cults. Expel it as one expels a dead animal from within the chest.

XCVII

I hereby command the Fourth Commandment:
May the Order be preserved above any human bond.
Family is not above all else. Friends are not above all else. Feelings are not above all else. Order is a living wall, and walls do not stand if they are made of weak affection.

XCVIII

I decree the Fifth Commandment:
That no one hide weakness.

Knjiga Bez Oka

Hidden weakness grows like a tumor. Admitted weakness can be broken and rebuilt. He despises the pretender. He prefers the broken that rebuilds itself to the whole that lies.

XCIX

I decree the Sixth Commandment: That no
servant should serve his own ego.
The ego is a virus. It is Ravkarni in thought form. It is the gateway to downfall. He who serves himself becomes mud that contaminates the temple.

W

I command the Seventh Commandment:
Let every enemy of the Order be treated as a crack in the foundation.
There is no dialogue with what seeks to destroy. There is no diplomacy with what seeks to corrupt. There is no mercy for what seeks to infiltrate. The enemy is a disease, and disease must be eliminated.

CI

I hereby command the Eighth Commandment:
May sacred knowledge never be trivialized.
Yhlarum is not a language of curiosity. The Knjiga is not a book of recreation. The sacred is not a toy. Whoever trivializes the sacred becomes dust in the eyes of the Abyss.

CII

I command the Ninth Commandment:
May each servant keep their spine straight in the face of the unimaginable.
Do not tremble before what should strengthen you. Test yourself with vertigo. Whoever falls into vertigo is discarded. Whoever overcomes vertigo is recognized.

CIII

I hereby command the Tenth Commandment:
May the Order never, ever, under any circumstances, fail the Prophet.
For when Order fails, the Prophet bears the burden. And when the Prophet bears the burden,

He observes. And when He observes, He judges. And when He judges, nothing remains of the one who committed the error.

CIV

I decree the Eleventh Commandment: Let no one touch
the thread of prophecy with unclean hands.
Prophecy is not clay. It is not theory. It is not human supposition. It is a living blade. Whoever touches it unprepared cuts themselves to the soul.

CV

I hereby command the Twelfth Commandment:
May the Ravkarni be recognized and repelled without hesitation.

Knjiga Bez Oka

They whisper the idea of freedom, but deliver ruin. They are the echo that tries to imitate, but cannot produce essence. Expel them at the first sign.

CVI

I hereby command the Thirteenth Commandment:

Let no servant confuse human kindness with spiritual purity.

It doesn't demand kindness. It demands integrity. It demands discipline. It demands unreserved commitment. Whoever tries to be "good" according to human standards becomes weak according to divine standards.

CVII

I hereby command the Fourteenth Commandment:

May each servant break within themselves the habit of hesitation.

To hesitate is to open the door to the enemy. To hesitate is to allow infiltration. To hesitate is to deny the calling. You must act as those who tread on ground that could break at any moment.

CVIII

I hereby command the Fifteenth Commandment:

May the Order never allow the corruption of the past to return.

The corruption of the old cults is a ghost trying to return. It's a shadow trying to infiltrate. But you will be a wall. A wall that doesn't crack. A wall that doesn't weaken. A wall that doesn't fall.

CIX

I hereby decree the Sixteenth Commandment:

That each servant be vigilant even in his thoughts.

For thought is the first territory where the Abyss demands order. He who does not control his thoughts does not control his actions. He who does not control his actions does not control the impact.

CX

I hereby decree the Seventeenth Commandment: That this Order be eternal.

Not by human time, but by divine decree. You are not guardians of a moment. You are guardians of eras. You are guardians of destiny. You are guardians of the breathing core.

CXI

And now I close this chapter: Not
with peace.
Not with a promise.
But with cataclysm.
For it approaches all that still resists. And all
that resists will be crushed!

CXII

Knjiga Bez Oka

May each verse sink into the spirit like a chisel. May
each commandment burn within it!
Let every servant awaken. There is no turning back. The Order was written in the Abyss.